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IRISH MELODIES,

**NATIONAL AIRS,
SACRED SONGS,
Ballads, Songs, &c.**



BY

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.



This splendid Edition comprises the whole of the above Works. It is unnecessary to point out the advantages of possessing this celebrated Volume in its present elegant and portable form, and at so moderate a price. The Melodies, National Airs, &c. have never been printed in England but with the Music, which alone amounts to thirty times the price of this entire Edition. This unique Publication will be found, in arrangement and execution, the only complete Edition in the World !!!

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DEDICATION.



TO THE
Marchioness Dowager of Donegal.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to a person whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every successive year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity, your

Ladyship's ever attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Paris, June 10, 1827.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

Thomas Moore, Esq.



THOMAS MOORE, Esq., the Author of this Work, is the only son of a respectable merchant in Dublin, and was born May 28, 1780. From an epistle to his eldest sister, written from Norfolk, in Virginia, in 1803, we have reason to believe that his early years were distinguished by domestic enjoyment and happiness.

Mr. Moore acquired the rudiments of education under the late Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Dublin; a gentleman whose suavity of manners, and literary attainments were, at that time, extensively known and duly respected. Mr. Moore discovered such talent in early life, as induced his father to enter him at the early age of fourteen as a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Here he became distinguished not only for the highest literary attainments as a scholar, but as a patriot, enthusiastically devoted to the liberty and independence of his country. In November, 1799, Mr. Moore became a member of the Middle Temple; and in the course of the following year he came before the world as the translator of the "Odes of Anacreon," into English verse, with notes. Of this, it is enough to say that it is sufficiently elegant and fascinating. The same observation extends, with appropriate truth, to a volume of poems, chiefly amatory, published by our author in 1801. In reference to these poems and his Irish Melodies, Mr. Sheridan said of our author, "that there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore; that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat."

Of the various productions of Mr. Moore's pen, none have obtained a more deserved or more general commendation than his Melodies and National Airs. These are sufficient to immortalize his fame, and to place him in the highest rank of modern poets.

In his Memoirs of Captain Rock, Mr. Moore assumes the severer and more important duties of a politician; and has

traced the evils of his country, its misery, its degradation, and its crimes, to their real source. Some of its positions may be disputable; party feeling may have imparted a deeper colouring to its opinions; and the enthusiasm of a generous and patriotic mind may sometimes have hurried the writer into less cautious statements—but that it contains much sound truth, cannot be denied.

The *Life of Sheridan*, and the *Epicurean*, are the latest of Mr. Moore's works, and have both been received by the public with acceptance and delight; and the present Volume is, at this moment, in the full glory of its high popularity.

Mr. Moore is not only a poet, but by his exquisite taste for music, which he has highly cultivated, has often given to his own verses all the magic expression of the most perfect harmony.—The late Dr. Burney was astonished at his musical talents, which he pronounced to be emphatically his own.

Mr. Moore is an excellent classical scholar, and particularly well read in the literature of the middle ages. His conversational powers are great; which, united with his modest, and unassuming manners, have opened for him a ready and welcome admission into the most elevated circles of the polite world.

The life of a man of letters is barren in incident; it proceeds in an even tenor, seldom to-day differing from what it was yesterday; and anticipating for to-morrow not more of change or difference. We have little, therefore, to add to our poet's biography; except to record that, on occasion of his visit to Ireland, in 1818, a public dinner was given to him, which was graced by a large assemblage of the most distinguished literary and political characters, the Earl of Charlemont in the chair. His health having been proposed by the noble chairman, Mr. Moore, after the applause had subsided, rose, much affected, and returned thanks in a neat and appropriate speech.

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PREFIXED TO THE

FIRST & SECOND NUMBERS.



POWER takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the Country. SIR JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the poetical Part, POWER has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from MR. MOORE, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he addressed to SIR JOHN STEVENSON on the subject:—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent, for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; * and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our Countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and

* The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss OWENSON has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

“ how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears
 “ too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which cha-
 “ racterizes most of our early Songs.—The task which you
 “ propose to me of adapting words to these airs, is by no means
 “ easy. The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments
 “ which they express, must feel and understand that rapid
 “ fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom
 “ and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen,
 “ and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest
 “ strains we find some melancholy note intrude,—some minor
 “ Third or flat Seventh—which throws its shade as it passes,
 “ and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an
 “ Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon
 “ OSSIAN for him,) his heart would have been proud of such
 “ music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical)
 “ arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs,
 “ and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence
 “ be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet
 “ must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be con-
 “ tent to have his verses of that description which CICERO
 “ mentions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*’
 “ That beautiful Air, ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has
 “ all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is
 “ one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be
 “ very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with Poetry. How-
 “ ever, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very little
 “ talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design ap-
 “ pears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure
 “ in giving it all the assistance in my power.

“ *Leicestershire, Feb. 1807.*”

IRISH MELODIES.

No. I.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—Maid of the Valley.

I.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me.

II.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh ! then remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee—
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them—
Oh ! then remember me.

III.

When, around thee dying
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee ;
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh ! then remember me.

WAR SONG.
**REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN
 THE BRAVE.***

AIR.—Molly Macalpin.

I.

REMEMBER the glories of BRIEN the brave,
 Though the days of the hero are o'er ;
 Though lost to MONONIA* and cold in the grave,
 He returns to KINKORA † no more !
 That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet !

II.

MONONIA ! when nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of Slavery there ?
 No, Freedom ! whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains !

* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

* Munster.

† The palace of Brien.

III.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood §
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died !
 The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon OSSORY's plain !—
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain !

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN
 THINE EYES.

AIR.—*Aileen Aroon.*

I.

ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise !

II.

ERIN ! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 ERIN ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form, in Heaven's sight,
 One arch of peace !

§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“*Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*” “Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops :—never was such another sight exhibited.”—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book 12, Chap. 1.

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR.—The Brown Maid.

I.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head !

II.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR.—The Fox's Sleep.

I.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh ! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee !

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love—
 Every thought of my reason was thine ;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
 Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee !

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S
HALLS.*AIR.—Gramachree.*

I.

THE harp that once through TARA's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now haugs as mute on TARA's walls
 As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more !

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of TARA swells ;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives !

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—*Planxty Kelly.*

I.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon !
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made ;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh ! stay—Oh ! stay.—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh ! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

II.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old through AMMON's shade,*
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near :

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay—Oh! stay.—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here!

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
 AS LIGHT.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

I.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
 But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
 But send round the bowl—while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
 That the sun-shine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moon-light of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN
WITH SORROW I SEE.

AIR.—*Coulin.*

I.

THOUGH the last glimpse of ERIN with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem ERIN to me ;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

II.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my COULIN, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

AIR.—*The Summer is coming.*

I.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote : "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and

II.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
 "Solone and lovely, through this bleak way?
 "Are ERIN's sons so good or so cold,
 "As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
 "Noson of ERIN will offer me harm—
 "For though they love woman and golden store,
 "Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the green isle.
 And blest for ever is she who relied
 Upon ERIN's honour and ERIN's pride!

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS
 MAY GLOW.

AIR.—*The Young Man's Dream.*

I.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!—

religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*WARNER'S History of Ireland*, Vol. 1, Book 10.

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

AIR.—*The Old Head of Denis.*

I.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;†
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

II.

Yet, it ~~was~~ not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'TWAS ~~not~~ the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'TWAS that friends the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet vale of AVOCA! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
 cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

IRISH MELODIES.

No. II.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

AIR.—*The Brown Thern.*

ST. SENANUS.*

“OH! haste and leave this sacred isle,
“Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
“For on the deck, though dark it be.
“A female form I see;
“And I have sworn this sainted sod
“Shall ne’er by woman’s feet be trod!”

THE LADY.

“Oh! Father, send not hence my bark
“Through wintry winds and billows dark
“I come with humble heart to share
“Thy morn and evening prayer;
“Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
“The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found amongst the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui Præsul, quid fæminis.

Commune est cum monachis?

Nec te nec ullam aliam

Admittemus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O’Connor, and other Antiquarians, deny this metamorphose indignantly.

The Lady's prayer *SENANUS* spurn'd ;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd.
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR.—*The Twisting of the Rope.*

I.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sun-beams melt along the silent sea,
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

II.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest !

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

Written on returning a Blank Book.

AIR.—*Dermott.*

I.

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still ;
 Some hand more calm and sage
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even you require ;
 But oh ! each word I write
 Love turns to fire.

II.

Yet let me keep the book ;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you !

IRISH MELODIES.

Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild passion write
 One wrong wish there !

III.

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Towards you and home,
 Fancy may trace some line
 Worthy those eyes to meet ;
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine
 Pure, calm, and sweet !

IV.

And, as the records are,
 Which wandering seamen keep,
 Led by their hidden star
 Through the cold deep—
 So may the words I write
 Tell through what storms I stray,
 You still the unseen light
 Guiding my way !

THE LEGACY.

AIR.—*Unknown.*

I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
 Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here ;
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
 To sulley a heart so brilliant and light ;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call.*

* “ In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.”—O'HALLORAN.

Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR.—*The Dear Black Maid.*

I.

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds, entwined by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

II.

We're fallen upon gloomy days,*
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth,
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier!

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights—
 Thou, of the hundred fights! *
 Thou, on whose burning tongue †
 Truth, peace and freedom hung!
 Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall ERIN's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

AIR.—*Garyone.*

I.

WE may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
 And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings and be off to the west;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you
 roam
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

II.

IN ENGLAND, the garden of beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet briery fence,
 Which round the flowers of ERIN dwells,
 Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.

* This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland." Page 433, "Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

† Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

III.

In FRANCE, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye !
 While the daughters of ERIN keep the boy
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR.—*Unknown.*

I.

OH ! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the valley with false vows came ;
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
 The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And Heaven smiled again with her vestal flame ;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon EVELEEN's fame.

II.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,
 Where the Lord of the valley cross'd over the moor ;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footstep to EVELEEN's door,

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair EVELEEN's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR.—*The Red Fox.*

I.

LET ERIN remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
 When MALACHI wore the collar of gold,*
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ;—†
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On LOUGH NEAGH's bank as the fisherman strays,*
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining !

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

† "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier."—O'HALLORAN'S *Introduction*, etc. part i. chap. 5.

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long faded glories they cover !

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

AIR.—*Arrah my dear Eveleen.*

I.

SILENT, oh MOYLE! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While murmuring mournfully, LIR's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd ?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

II.

Sadly, oh MOYLE! to thy winter wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
 Yet still in her darkness doth ERIN lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay !
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love ?

overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.*—*Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. c. 9.*

* To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once ; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

COME SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR.—*We brought the Summer with us.*

I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,
But, while, they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
No ! perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love by a standard like this !

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR.—*The Black Joke.*

I.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain !
Oh, Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh ! be the Shamrock of ERIN forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of SPAIN !

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,

If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain —
 Then, ye men of IBERIA! our cause is the same ;
 And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
 For the Shamrock of ERIN and Olive of SPAIN !

III.

Ye BLAKES and O'DONNELLS, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
 May be felt yet in ERIN, as calm and as bright,
 And forgive even ALBION, while blushing she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of ERIN and Olive of SPAIN !

IV.

God prosper the cause !—oh ! it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain ;
 Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die !
 The finger of Glory shall point where they lie,
 While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
 Beneath Shamrocks of ERIN and Olives of SPAIN.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
 YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR.—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

I.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away !
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still !

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,

That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear !
Oh ! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose !

Advertisement.

IN presenting the Third Number of this Work to the Public, POWER begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured ; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted ; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. MOORE, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

POWER respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country—a Work, which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the arguments of wise, but uninteresting, politicians.

IRISH MELODIES.

No. III.

ERIN! OH ERIN!

AIR—*Thamama Halla.*

I.

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in KILDARE's holy fane,*
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
ERIN! oh ERIN! thus bright, through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And, though Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
ERIN! oh ERIN! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through Winter's cold hour,
Till Spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.†
ERIN! oh ERIN! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam, occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam sollicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."
—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dis. 2, c. 34.

† Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

DRINK TO HER.

AIR.—*Heigh oh ! my Jackey.*

I.

DRINK, to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh;
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then, here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

II.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
 She answer'd, "he who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do:
 While with a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through!
 So here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

III.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here!
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

OH ! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

AIR.—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

I.

OH ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame ;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,†
 And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart !

II.

But alas ! for his country—her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend ;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray ;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires ;
 And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires !

III.

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can heal ;
 Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel !
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, " Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormins, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: " So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—Lloyd's *State Worthies*, Art. The Lord Grandison.

While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of HARMODIUS, should cover his
sword.*

IV.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved ERIN! shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

AIR.—*Oonagh*.

I.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, too far,
Each prond star,
For me to feel its warming flame—
Much More dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came; †
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moon-light looks alone,
Which bless my home and guide my way!

II.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,

* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," etc.

† "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—WHISTON'S THEORY, etc.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words *Non mille, quod absens*.

Illumined all the pale flowers,
 Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
 "The moon looks
 "On many brooks,
 "The brook can see no moon but this ;*
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

AIR.—*Kitty of Coleraine ; or, Paddy's Resource.*

I.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young KITTY, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
 For the youth, whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon ;
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon !

II

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—
 "Ah ! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
 "For which the soul's innocence too often dies !"

III.

While she stole through the garden, where heart's ease was
 growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;
 But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost —
 " Ah ! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its
 meaning),
 " That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR.—*The Fairy Queen.*

I.

By the hope, within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life —
 Oh ! remember, life can be
 No charm for him, who lives not free !
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero to his grave,
 'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears !
 Happy is he, o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years :—
 But oh ! how grand they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on Victory's breast !

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we dimm'd his glory's light !
 Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.
 Hark ! the horn of combat calls —
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round !*
 Many a heart, that now beats high,

* " The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—WALKER.

In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound :—
 But oh ! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

AIR.—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

I.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still !
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
 Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost !

II.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise, and give them light to die !—
 There is a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

OH ! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR.—*Thady, you Gander.*

I.

OH ! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear ;
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near !*

* I believe it is Marmontel, who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black ; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

II.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there ;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
 And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue !
 Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

 THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

AIR.—————.

I.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd
 my way,
 Till hope seem'd to bnd from each thorn that round me lay ;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd :
 Oh ! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And bless'd even the sorrows, that made me more dear to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd ;
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd ;
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves ;
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;
 Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be,
 Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale !
 They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
 Oh ! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue—
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too !*

ON MUSIC.

AIR.—*Banks of Banna.*

I.

WHEN through life unblest'd we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes, we used to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh how welcome breathes the strain !
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept ;
 Kindling former smiles again,
 In faded eyes that long have wept !

II.

Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours ;
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath !

III.

Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are even more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,"—St. PAUL, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

AIR.—*The Sixpence.*

I.

IT is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
 Through a life, by his loss all shaded ;
 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded !

II.

Oh ! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
 While it shines through our hearts, will improve them ;
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them !
 And, as buried saints have given perfume
 To shrines where they've been lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying !

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR.—*Gage Fane.*

I.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;
 And who, often at eve, through the bright billow roved,
 To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

II.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
 Till Heaven look'd, with pity, on true-love so warm,
 And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form !

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smile the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame ;

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings! *

IV.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

Advertisement.

THIS Number of THE MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work. This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is very flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of this opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philippics of CICERO. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps, in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's young Dream*;" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's, Nov. 1811.

IRISH MELODIES.

No. IV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AIR.—*The Old Woman.*

I.

Oh ! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love !
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream !
Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream !

II.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul felt-flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name !

III.

Oh ! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first-love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste !

'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed ;
 'Twas morning's winged dream ;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream !
 Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream !

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

AIR.—*St. Patrick's Day.*

I.

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in showers ;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and bless'd than ours !
 But, just when the chain
 Has ceased to pain,
 And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirit to sink—
 Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;
 But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now on our Prince's Day.

II.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal !
 Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true ;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The Standard of Green
 In front would be seen—
 Oh ! my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old ERIN has in it,
 When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birth-Day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

III.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded,
 In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget ;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And ERIN's gay jubilee shine out yet !

The gem may be broke

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray ;

Each fragment will cast

A light, to the last !—

And thus, ERIN, my country ! though broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day !

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR.—*The Song of Sorrow.*

I.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more !
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;—
 Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again !

II.

Weep on—perhaps in after days
 They'll learn to love your name ;
 When many a deed shall wake in praise
 That now must sleep in blame !
 And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
 They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave.

III.

“ 'Twas fate,” they'll say, “ a wayward fate
 “ Your web of discord wove ;
 “ And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 “ You never join'd in love !

" But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 " And man profaned what God hath given,
 " Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 " Where others knelt to Heaven ! "

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR.—*Nora Creina.*

I.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth !
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My NORA's lid, that seldom rises ;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises !
 Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear !
 My gentle, bashful NORA CREINA !
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But love in yours, my NORA CREINA !

II.

LESBIA wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of Beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed it !
 Oh ! my NORA's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases !
 Yes, my NORA CREINA, dear !
 My simple, graceful NORA CREINA !
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress you wear, my NORA CREINA !

III.

LESBIA hath a wit refined,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely or to wound us ?

Pillow'd on my NORA's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear!
 My mild, my artless NORA CREINA!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath not the Light
 That warms your eyes, my NORA CREINA!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR.—*Domhnall.*

I.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time,
 And waste its bloom away, MARY!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

II.

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, MARY!
 So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charm'd all other eyes
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

III.

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, MARY!*

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!*"

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

AIR.—*The Brown Irish Girl.*

I.

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er, †
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint KEVIN, stole to sleep.
“Here at least,” he calmly said,
“Woman ne'er shall find my bed.”
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

II.

'Twas from KATHLEEN's eyes he flew—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of Heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor Heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
KATHLEEN o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.

* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the County of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, etc.

Ah ! your saints have cruel hearts !
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And, with rude, repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock.

V.

GLENDALOUGH ! thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle KATHLEEN's grave ;
 Soon the saint (yet, ah ! too late)
 Felt her love and mourn'd her fate.
 When he said, " Heaven rest her soul !"
 Round the Lake light music stole ;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling, o'er the fatal tide !

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR.—*Open the Door.*

I.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her, sighing ;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying !

II.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking.—
 Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking !

III.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him,—
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

IV.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow ;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
 From her own loved Island of Sorrow !

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR.—Dennis, don't be threatening.

I.

NAY, tell me not, dear ! that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret ;
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul ;
 The balm of thy sighs,
 The light of thine eyes,
 Still float on the surface and hallow my bowl !
 Then fancy not, dearest ! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me !
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee !

II.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds,
 That drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade ;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !
 Then fancy not, dearest ! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR.—Crooghan a Venec.

I.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of ERIN *
 On him who the brave sons of USNA betray'd !—

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story, called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II

By the red cloud that hung over CONOR's dark dwelling,*
When ULAD's three champions lay sleeping in gore—†
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN (see vol. 1. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" etc.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they merit.

* "Oh Nasil! view the cloud that I here see in the sky!
I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."
—Deirdris Song.

† Ulster.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

AIR.—*The Yellow Horse.*

I.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you !

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear !

II.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone ;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on !

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

AIR.—*Cean Dubh Delish.*

I.

“ HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
“ Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend ;
“ Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
“ To Heaven in mingled odour ascend !
“ Do not disturb our calm, oh Love !
“ So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
“ It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

II.

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;
His laughing blue eyes now with piety glisten'd ;
His rosy wing turn'd to Heaven's own tint.
“ Who would have thought,” the urchin cries,
“ That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
“ His wandering wings and wounding eyes ?”

III.

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice; to him all thy orisons arise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them, clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES
 AND WOES.

AIR.—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

I.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awaked, ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Grief, that is sister to Joy,
 And the short, brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies!

II.

When HYLAS was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
 Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
 One bright drop or two, that has fallen on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

* *Proposito florem prætulit officio.*—*Propert. lib. 1. eleg. 20.*

Advertisement.

It is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three Volumes will than have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost, by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the *Airs*, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,* yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the excellence of the *Airs*, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and in the imperial attitude, "*Stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find *Airs* as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution, like those Indians who put their relatives to death when they become feeble—and they who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not what are called curious *Airs*, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any really sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, December, 1813.

* Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

IRISH MELODIES.

No. V.

OH, THE SHAMROCK !*

AIR.—*Alley Croker.*

I.

THROUGH ERIN'S Isle
To sport awhile,
As Love and VALOUR wander'd,
With WIT, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass*
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

II.

Says VALOUR, "See,
"They spring for me,
"Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says LOVE, "No, no,
"For me they grow,
"My fragrant path adorning!"—

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

But WIT perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries " Oh! do not sever
 " A type that Blends
 " Three god-like friends,
 " LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for ever!"
 Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

III.

So, firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On WIT's celestial feather!
 May LOVE, as shoot
 His flowers and fruit,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May VALOUR ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of freedom!
 Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR.—*Molly, my Dear.*

I.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life was warm in thine eye,
 And I think that, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky!

II.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
 When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear;

And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, oh, my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,*
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR.—*Moll Ros in the Morning.*

I.

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth!
 But fill—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit a while
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries, "Onward! and spurs the gay hours;
 And never does Time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But, come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up:
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

III.

This evening, we saw the sun sinking
 In waters his glory made bright—
 Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
 Should be like that farewell of light.

♪ "There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR.—*Groves of Blarney.*

I.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

II.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

III.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

IRISH MELODIES.

THE YOUNG MAY-MOON.

AIR.—*The Dandy O!*

I.

THE young May-moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through MORNA's grove,*
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

II.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love!
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

AIR.—*The Moreen.*

I.

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 "One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 "One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

* "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

II.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 "Thou soul of love and bravery!
 "Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 "They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

AIR.—*The pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

I.

THE valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
 That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
 I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
 Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd,
 But, though darkness began to infold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested, to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

II.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
 As if the lov'd tenant lay dead—
 Ah, would it were death, and death only !
 But no, the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the lute, that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss,
 While the hand that had wak'd it so often,
 Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

III.

There ~~was~~ a time, falsest of women !
 When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
 That man, thro' a million of foemen,
 Who dar'd but to doubt thee *in thought* !
 While now—oh degenerate daughter
 Of ERIN, how fall'n is thy fame ;
 And, thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already, the curse is upon her,
 And strangers her valleys profane ;
 They come to divide—to dishonour,
 And tyrants they long will remain !
 But, onward !—the green banner rearing,
 Go, flesh every sword to the hilt :
 On our side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
 On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF
 OUR OWN.

AIR.—*Sheela na Guira.*

I.

OH ! had we some bright little Isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone ;
 Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.
 Where the sun loves to panse
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day ;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

II.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!

With affection, as free

From decline as the bowers,

And, with Hope, like the bee,

Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,

And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME
 THE HOUR.

AIR.—*Moll Roone.*

I.

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour,
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

III.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come, in the night time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

IRISH MELODIES.

OH ! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR.—*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*

I.

OH ! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by love.
 Altho' this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

II.

And tho' my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee thro' many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN. *

AIR.—*Were I a Clerk.*

I.

YOU remember ELLEN, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
 When the stranger, WILLIAM, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till WILLIAM at length, in sadness, said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains ;"—
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

II.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there ;
 "The wind blows cold, the hour is late :"
 So, he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

III.

"Now, welcome, Lady !" exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all,"
 She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
 For ELLEN is Lady of Rosna Hall !
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What WILLIAM the stranger woo'd and wed ;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

AIR—*The Rose Tree.*

I.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too ;
 I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue,
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

II.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear !

III.

And, tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam.—
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round, in fear and doubt.
But soon the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

Advertisement.

IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work, was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that, if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one gentleman in particular, who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for, though the Work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, sometime or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M,

Mayfield Ashbourne, March, 1815.

IRISH MELODIES.

No. VI.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR.—*Cuisthli ma Chree.*

I.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not,
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where *thou* art not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

II.

Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

AIR.—*Sly Patrick.*

I.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet !
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear ?—
Then, child of misfortune ! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

II.

HAS Love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine ?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

HAS Hope, like the bird in the story,†
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee ?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away ?

IV.

If thus the sweet hours have fled
When Sorrow herself look'd bright ;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light ;

* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

† "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it ; but, as he approached, the bird took wing and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights*,—*Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

IRISH MELODIES.

If thus, too, the cold world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear;—
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR.—*Luggelaw.*

I.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
 Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR.—*O Patrick! fly from me.*

I.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, tho' false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

II.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
 I fled th' unwelcome story ;
 Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
 Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee ;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver ! go,
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee ;
 The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it !
 Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour !

IV.

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost for ever !
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

IRISH MELODIES.
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR.—*Paddy Whack.*

I.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of ERIN stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd the whole volume, her WELLINGTON's name !

II.

" Hail, Star of my Isle !" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies—
" Tiro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
" I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
" For tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
" And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame ;—
" But oh ! there is not
" One dishonouring blot
" On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON's name !

III.

" Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
" The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known ;
" Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
" At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou has
stood,
" Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
" And, bright o'er the flood
" Of her tears and her blood,
" Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name !"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR.—*Peas upon a Trencher.*

I.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing

The light, that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were Woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

II.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him, the Sprite,*
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 O! winds could not outrun me.

III.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain alas! th' endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever!

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power;—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnel) has given a very different account of that Goblin.

IRISH MELODIES.

WHERE IS THE SLAVE ?

AIR. — *Sios agus síos liom.*

I.

WHERE is the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly ?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it ?
 Farewell, ERIN !—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall !

II.

Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing !
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us !
 Farewell, ERIN ! farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall !

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR.—*Lough Sheelling.*

I.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
 Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;
 Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er cast,
 And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

II.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR.—*Savournah Deelish.*

I.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless ERIN, o'er thee.

II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.*
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, ERIN, from thee!

III.

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost ERIN, on thee.

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR.—*Miss Molly.*

I.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

II.

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
 Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

IV.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood, that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame !

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR.—*Bob and Joan.*

I.

FILL the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when thro' the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So we, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning!

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
PROMETHEUS stole away
The living fires that warm us:

IV.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup,
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
But oh his joy! when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of BACCHUS lying.

V.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY !

AIR.—*New Langoolee.*

I.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,*
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

II.

Dear Harp of my Country, farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
 Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
 I was but on the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

* In that rebellious but beautiful Song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep!"

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss BROOKE's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

Advertisement.

IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our National Melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,* the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

* One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

IRISH MELODIES.

No. VII.

MY GENTLE HARP !

AIR.—*The Coina, or Dirge.*

I.

My gentle Harp ! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain ;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st npon the willows still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine ?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline !
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains !

IV.

But come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
 And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be;
 How gaily even 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like MEMNON's broken image, sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still! *

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR.—*The Girl I left behind me.*

I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us!

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk with joyous seeming,—
 With smiles, that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming;
 While memory brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us!

III.

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle, or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flowery, wild and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
 Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.

We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heaven had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

IV.

As trav'lers oft look back, at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR.—*The little Harvest Rose.*

I.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;
 Oh it is not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may ;—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is warmest when these fade away.

II.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;
 Then, then is the moment affection can sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
 Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
 But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true.

III.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
 Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about ;
 'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
 That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.

So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
 But 'tis only in grief true affection appears ;—
 And ev'n tho' to smiles it may first owe its birth,
 All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR.—*Limerick's Lamentation.*

I.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
 And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
 On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And tho', sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
 And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

AIR.—*Castle Tirowen.*

I.

REMEMBER thee ! yes, while there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art,

More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

III.

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

AIR.—*Nóran Kista.*

I.

WREATH the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, th' enchanter brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

II.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;—
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows :—

Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid !
 So, wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds Heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us !

III.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through
 And sparkles far more brightly ?
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever !
 Then wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds Heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us !

 WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

AIR.—*Father Quinn.*

I.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
 All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
 As if no cloud could ever rise,
 To dim a Heaven so purely bright—
 I sigh to think how soon that brow
 In grief may lose its every ray,

IRISH MELODIES.

And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

II.

For Time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind !
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again !

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

AIR.—*The winnowing Sheet.*

I.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet ;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love !

II.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love !

III.

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills—
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

IV.

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells !
That Heaven which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
And he *will*, if thou wilt be mine, love !

TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR.—*Fugue a Ballagh.*

I.

To Ladies' Eyes a round, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup,—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

II.

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but given, they seem but given,
 As splendid beacons, solely,
 To light to Heaven, to light to Heaven.
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

III.

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
 But shun the flattering error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling,
 So here they go! so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

IRISH MELODIES.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR.—*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*

I.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
 Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts, as they bounded before,
 In the face of High Heaven to fight over
 That combat for freedom once more;—

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,
 Oh! 'tis not in Mannor in Heaven,
 To let Tyranny bind it again!

IV.

But 'tis past—and, though blazon'd in story
 The name of our Victor may be,
 Accursed is the march of that glory,
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illumed by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR.—*Noch bonín shín doe.*

I.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
 I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
 And, until they can shew me some happier planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
 As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptured I see,

They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,*
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you. †
But, though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in Heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to SATURN's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

AIR.—*Name Unknown.*

I.

OH for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

† La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*Id.*

When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them !
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honour to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time !
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them.

II.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
Were all the ramparts round them !

IRISH MELODIES.

No. VIII.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

AIR.—*My Husband's a Journey to Portugal gone.*

I.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like LESBIA's kisses,
Two quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

II.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy lov'd better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

AIR.—*The Humming of the Ban.*

I.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,

L

It cannot lead to scences more dark,
 More sad than those we leave behind.
 Each wave that passes seems to say
 " Though death beneath our smile may be,
 " Less cold we are, less false than they,
 " Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

II.

Sail on, sail on,—through endless space—
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more :
 The stormiest sca's a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or,—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profan'd a world, that else were sweet,—
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

AIR.—*I would rather than Ireland.*

I.

YES, sad one of SION*—if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd up heart—
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same " cup of trembling"
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

II.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
 And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown ;
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
 And " while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."†

III.

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold ;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
 Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old !

IV.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, " the Forsaken,"‡
 Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves ;

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

† " Her sun is gone down while it was yet day. Jer. xv. 9.

‡ " Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—Isaiah lxii. 4.

And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

VI.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City *
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

VII.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover—†
The Lady of Kingdoms ‡ lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

AIR.—*Paddy O' Rafferty.*

I.

DRINK of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop
of it.

Send round the cup—foroh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

* "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased."
—Isaiah xiv. 4.

† "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave....and the
worms cover thee." Isaiah, xiv. 11.

‡ "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."
Isaiah, xlvii. 5.

II.

Never was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing ;
 Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There, having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together !
 Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop' against the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
 Yet 'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
 What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work to its charm, though now lawless and
 hidden.
 So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in
 Its every drop'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

AIR.—*Open the Door softly.*

I.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
 And I'll tell you your fortune truly
 As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
 To young maiden, shining as newly.

II.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me ;
 These secrets between you and me and the sky
 Should never go farther, believe me.

III.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
 My science shall call up before you
 A male apparition—the image of him,
 Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

IV.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
 And round you so fondly he'll hover,
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
 'Twixt him and a true living lover.

V.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
 He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
 An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite,
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

VI.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
 As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
 Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
 To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD !

AIR.—*Plough Tune.*

I.

OH, ye Dead ! oh, ye Dead ! whom we know by the light
 you give
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men
 who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves,
 In far off fields and waves,
 Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed ;
 To haunt this spot, where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
 And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead ?

II.

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan ;
 It is true—it is true—all the friends we lov'd are gone ;
 But, oh ! thus ev'n in death,
 So sweet is still the breath

Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
 That ere, condemn'd, we go
 To freeze mid HECLA's* snow,
 We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.†

AIR.—*The Little and great Mountain.*

I.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
 In light-link'd dance their circles run,
 Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me ;
 For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
 That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
 Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

II.

Of all the smooth lakes, where day-light leaves
 His lingering smile on golden eves,
 Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt dear to me ;
 For when the last April sun grows dim,
 Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
 Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

III.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
 Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,

* Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say, they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

† The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killybegs, or, more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the lake.

White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee ;
 Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
 From under that glorious lake dost bring
 Proud Steed, proud Steed, my love to me.

IV.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
 When newly launch'd, thy long mane* curls,
 Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free ;
 And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
 Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
 Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

V.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
 Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
 Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
 Which, under the next May evening's light,
 When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
 Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

ECHO.

AIR.—*The Wren.*

I.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
 To music at night,
 When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

II.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
 Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
 Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

III.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breath'd back again !

* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

IRISH MELODIES.
OH BANQUET NOT.

AIR.—*Planxty Irwine.*

I.

OH banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts—but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

II.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends, long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot!

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE!

AIR.—*The Market-Stake.*

I.

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

II.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark

To the ocean hurries—resting never —
 Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
 I know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To thee, thee, only thee.

III.

I have no joy but of thy bringing,
 And pain itself seems sweet when springing
 From thee, thee, only thee.
 Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
 Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
 This heart, howe'er the world may wake
 Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

AIR.—*Macfarlane's Lamentation.*

I.

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
 Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

II.

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost!*

III.

What a union of all the affections and powers
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
 Was embrac'd in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

IV.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
 Like a pyramid, raised in the desert—where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!

* It is only the two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

V.

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
 A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

VI.

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown.

VII.

An eloquence rich—wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant—with thought that shone
 through
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

VIII.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

IX.

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,*
 Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come
 near,
 Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
 Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

X.

Is there one, who hath thus through his orbit of life,
 But at distance observ'd him—through glory, through
 blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—

XI.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
 Of the sweetness we love, and the greatness we praise,

* Apollo, in his interview with Phaeton, as described by
 Ovid :—" *Deposit radios propriusque accedere jussit.*"

As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays—

XII.

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR.—*Planxty Sudley.*

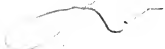
I.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating !
Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

II.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,

'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever !
Oh that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing !



IRISH MELODIES.

No. IX.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

AIR.—*The Captivating Youth.*

I.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine !
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to *feel* how fair is mine !

II.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle !

III.

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care —
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there ;

IV.

No more along thy shores to come,
But, on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost !

V.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

VI.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,

But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—

VII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

VIII.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle;
And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For tho' but rare thy sunnysmile,
'Tis Heav'n's own glance, when it appears.

IX.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'Twas ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

AIR.—*The Song of the Woods.*

I.

'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

II.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those,
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

III.

He listened—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

VI.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,

Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceas'd upon earth was awaking again!

V.

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seemed to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
“Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

VI.

“Even so, tho’ thy memory should now die away,
“’Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
“And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
“Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song!”

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

AIR.—*Cummilum.*

I.

FAIREST! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o’er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel’s plume,
At golden sunset, hover
O’er such scenes of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over!

II.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer’s gaze,
With but her tears to guard her,
Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
In grace majestic frowning,—
Like some warrior’s brows,
That Love hath just been crowning.

III.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course thro’ air,
Hath been won downward by them*—

* In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth),
Dr. Keating says “there is a certain attractive virtue in the

Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heav'n, without alighting.

IV.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,*
 And caves, where the diamond's sleeping,
 Bright as the gems that lid
 Of thine lets fall in weeping.
 Glens,† where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
 And Harbours, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

V.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 To think how Man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

AIR.—*Paddy Snap.*

I.

QUICK! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup, while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For oh! not Orpheus' strain

soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

* "Nenius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears, and this we find confirmed by a present made, A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—O'HALLORAN.

† Glengariff.

Could keep sweet hours from dying,
 Or charm them to life again—
 Then, quick ! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you may ;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away !

II.

See the glass, how it flushes,
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou shouldst delay to sip.
 Shame, oh shame unto thee,
 If ever thou see'st that day,
 When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouch'd away !
 Then, quick ! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you may ;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away !

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AIR.— *Unknown.*

I.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day !
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
 The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then ?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
 As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,

So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once
more.*

IV.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.†

V.

But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart
The more we should welcome and bless them the more—
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost, when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

* *Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive flenrie
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.*

† The same thought has been happily expressed, by my friend, Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i. p. 213. The pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American, to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth, have long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

AIR.—*The Mountain Sprite.*

I.

IN yonder valley, there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

II.

As he, by moonlight, went wand'ring o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

III.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
Behind him stole two eyes of light,
And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

IV.

He turn'd—but, lo, like a startled bird,
The spirit fled—and he only heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

V.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

VI.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried,
A gentle voice, whisp'ring by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

VII.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Exclaim'd he then, "there is none like thee,
"And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight,
"In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

IRISH MELODIES.

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

AIR.—*The Boyne Water.*

I.

As vanquish'd ERIN wept beside
 The Boyne's ill-fated river,
 She saw where Discord, in the tide,
 Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
 "Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
 "Where mortal eye may shun you ;
 "Lie hid—for oh ! the stain of hearts
 "That bled for me is on you."

II.

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
 As Time too well hath taught her—
 Each year the Fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water ;
 And brings, triumphant, from beneath
 His shafts of desolation,
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
 Throughout her madd'ning nation.

III.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
 Ev'n now, beside that river—
 Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
 And stor'd is still his quiver.
 "When will this end, ye Powers of Good ?"
 She weeping asks for ever ;
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The demon answer, "Never !"

DESMOND'S SONG.*

AIR.—*Unknown.*†

I.

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 Not a star in the skles,

* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chace, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Cath-

To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.

II.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twould be welcome again.
Were misery's full measure
Pour'd out on me now,
I would drain it with pleasure,
So the Hebe were thou.

III.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

IV.

No—Man, for his glory,
To ancestry flies;
While Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to divine!

rine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—LELAND, vol. ii.

† This air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr. Bayly, that I should have left it untouched, if we could have spared so interesting a melody out of our collection.

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

AIR.—*Coolon Das.*

I.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
 One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee ;
 Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
 As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
 I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away !

II.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
 There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far :
 It is not that check—'tis the soul, dawning clear
 Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
 As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
 Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven is there !

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

AIR.—*I wish I was on yonder Hill.*

I.

I WISH I was by that dim Lake,*
 Where sinful souls their farewell take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
 There, there, far from thee,
 Deceitful world, my home should be—

* These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal (says Dr. Campbell) lay a Lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the Lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims, from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again!

II.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round—
The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead—
These—ay—these should wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward tow'rd's the grave.

III.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchang'd by either joy or wo,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

AIR.—*The Munster Man.*

I.

SHE sang of Love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips, that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

II.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew ;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame ;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.*

* The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines
in Mr. Roger's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning :

III.

Who ever lov'd, but had the thought
 That he and all he lov'd must part ?
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
 The fading image to my heart—
 And cried " Oh Love ! is this thy doom ?
 " Oh light of youth's resplendent day !
 " Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 " And thus, like sunshine, die away ?"

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

AIR.—*The Humours of Ballamaguiry, or, the Old Langoolee.*

I.

SING—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
 Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
 But love from the lips his true archery wings ;
 And she, who but feathers the dart, when she speaks,
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
 Then, sing—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

II.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
 Lay sleeping, as calm as slumber could make him,
 " Hush, hush," said Venus, " no other
 " Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
 Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
 Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
 And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
 Then, sing—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
 " Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
 Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

NATIONAL AIRS.



Advertisement.

IT is CICERO, I believe, who says "*natura ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild indigenous airs which almost every country, except England possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple but interesting kind of music are here presented with the first number of a collection, which I trust their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of PLATO, which are described as wandering, in search of the remainder of themselves, through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estrays* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * *

T. M.

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. I.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

Spanish Air.

I.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden—the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

II.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
"An image whose looks are so joyless and dim!
"But yon little god upon roses reclining,
"We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

I

Flow on, thou shining river;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

* The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called,
"La Statue de l'Amitié."

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be,
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee.

II.

But if, in wandering thither,
 Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither
 Upon the cold bank there.
 And tell her—thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

I.

ALL that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest.
 Stars that shine and fall;—
 The flower that drops in springing;—
 These, alas! are types of all
 To which our hearts are clinging.
 All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest!

II.

Who would seek or prize
 Delights that end in aching?
 Who would trust to ties
 That every hour are breaking?
 Better far to be
 In utter darkness lying,
 Than be blest with light and see
 That light for ever flying.
 All that's bright must fade,
 The brightest still the fleetest;

All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

I.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter even I could not tell—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss ;
Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

II.

The first was like day-break—new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet—
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain ;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-mor-
row
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

AIR.—The Bells of St. Petersburg.

I.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime !

II.

Those joyous hours are past away !
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells !

III.

And so 't will be when I am gone ;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES,

Portuguese Air.

I.

* SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
 Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;
 Should the cold world come to wake thee
 From all thy visions of youth and joy ;
 Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
 Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
 All like spring birds, falsely vanish,
 And leave thy winter unheeded and lone ;—

II.

Oh ! 'tis then he thou has slighted
 Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er ;
 Then the truant, lost and blighted,
 Would to his bosom be taken once more.
 Like that dear bird we both can remember,
 Who left us while summer shone round,
 But, when chill'd by bleak December,
 Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Italian Air.

I.

REASON, Folly, and Beauty, they say,
 Went on a party of pleasure one day :
 Folly play'd
 Around the maid,
 The bell of his cap rung merily out ;
 While Reason took
 To his sermon-book—

Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

* The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the air.

II.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
 Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
 Till Folly said,
 "Look here, sweet maid!"—
 The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
 While Reason read
 His leaves of lead,
 With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

III.

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
 Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—
 "There it is,"
 Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
 But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
 That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
 While Folly took
 Old Reason's book,
 And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *Ton*,
 That Beauty vow'd
 (Though not aloud),
 She liked him still better in that than his own!

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Sicilian Air.

I.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one!
 Lovely still, but dear no more;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.
 Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,
 Could scarce have thus deceived;
 But eyes that acted truth so well
 Were sure to be believed.
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
 Lovely still, but dear no more;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

II.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
 True as stars they keep their light;

Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
 Of blushing always bright.
 'Tis only on thy changeful heart
 The blame of falsehood lies ;
 Love lives in every other part,
 But there, alas ! he dies.
 Then fare thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER ?

Portuguese Air.

I.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
 A place for lovers and lovers only,
 Where first I told thee all my secret sighs ?
 When as the moon-beam, that trembled o'er thee,
 Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
 And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes !
 Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
 Love bound us—never, never more to part !

II.

* And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
 That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest—
 "My life, my only life !" among the rest ;
 In those sweet accents that still inthral me,
 Thou saidst, " Ah ! wherefore thy life thus call me ?
 Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best ;
 For life soon passes, but how blest to be
 That soul which never, never parts from thee !"

OH ! COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

I.

OH ! come to me when daylight sets ;
 Sweet ! then come to me,

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

NATIONAL AIRS.

When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.
 When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
 Beneath that glancing ray,
 With sound of lutes and mandolins,
 To steal young hearts away.
 Oh! come to me when daylight sets ;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.

II.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love,
 Sweet! like thee and me ;
 When all 's so calm below, above,
 In heaven and o'er the sea.
 When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,†
 And Echo sings again
 So sweet, that all with ears and souls
 Should love and listen then,
 So, come to me when daylight sets ;
 Sweet ! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Scotch Air.

I.

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !

† Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise.—ROUSSEAU, *Dictionnaire de Musique*.

Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

II.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garland's dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Russian Air.

I.

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters, soft and clear ;
 Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear,
 Jubilate, Amen.

II.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along ;
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Hush! again, like waves, retreating
 To the shore, it dies along,
 Jubilate, Amen.

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. II.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss Air.

I.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined ;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

II.

" I go," said Love, " to sail awhile
" Across this sunny main ;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

III.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay,
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

IV.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves !
'T is Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah ! it is not Love's.

V.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night lamp o'er the sea ;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd :
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas ! was he ?

VI.

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain,
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
Love never came again!

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

I.

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond ;
Oh ! then's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.
There comes a time, etc.

II.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night ;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.
Oh ! there comes a time, etc.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

Swedish Air.

I.

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more.

In vain I try, with livelier air,
 To wake the breathing string ;
 That voice of other times is there,
 And saddens all I sing.

II.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
 Henceforth be all my own ;
 Though thou art oft so full of pain,
 Few hearts can bear thy tone.
 Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
 The breath that Pleasure's wings
 Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
 Were still upon thy strings.

OH! NO—NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

Cashmerian Air.

I.

OH ! no—not e'en when first we loved,
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art ;
 Thy beauty then my senses moved,
 But now thy virtues bind my heart.
 What was but Passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow ;
 And, though I then might love thee more,
 Trust me, I love thee better now !

II.

Although my heart in earlier youth
 Might kindle with more wild desire,
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire.
 The flame now warms my inmost core,
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow ;
 And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
 Yet, oh ! I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

I.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rov'st ;
 May life be for thee one summer's day,
 And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
 Come smiling around thy sunny way !

If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
 May even thy tears pass off so lightly ;
 Like spring-showers, they'll only make
 The smiles that follow shine more brightly !

II.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
 And daily dooms some joy to death,
 O'er thee let years so gently fall,
 They shall not crush one flower beneath !
 As half in shade and half in sun,
 This world along its path advances,
 May that side the sun's upon
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

I.

WHILE I touch the string,
 Wreath my brows with laurel,
 For the tale I sing,
 Has, for once, a moral.
 Common Sense, one night,
 Though not used to gambols,
 Went out by moonlight,
 With Genius on his rambles.
 While I touch the string, etc.

II.

Common Sense went on,
 Many wise things saying,
 While the light that shone
 Soon set Genius straying.
 One his eye ne'er raised
 From the path before him,
 T'other idly gazed
 On each night-cloud o'er him.
 While I touch the string, etc.

III.

So they came, at last,
 To a shady river ;

NATIONAL AIRS.

Common Sense soon pass'd,
 Safe, as he doth ever;
 While the boy, whose look
 Was in Heaven that minute,
 Never saw the brook,
 But tumbled headlong in it !
 While I touch the string, etc.

IV.

How the wise one smiled,
 When safe o'er the torrent,
 At that youth, so wild,
 Dripping from the current !
 Sense went home to bed ;
 Genius, left to shiver
 On the bank, 'tis said,
 Died of that cold river !
 While I touch the string, etc.

 THEN, FARE THEE WELL !

Old English Air.

I.

THEN, fare thee well ! my own dear love,
 This world has now for us
 No greater grief, no pain above,
 The pain of parting thus, dear love ! the pain of parting
 thus !

II.

Had we but known, since first we met,
 Some few short hours of bliss,
 We might, in numbering them, forget
 The deep, deep pain of this, dear love ! the deep, deep
 pain of this !

III.

But, no, alas ! we've never seen
 One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
 But still there came some cloud between,
 And chased it all away, dear love ! and chased it all
 away !

IV.

Yet, e'en could those sad moments last,
 Far dearer to my heart

Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love ! than years of mirth
apart !

V.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets !
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love ! like them in tears
it sets !

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Maltese Air.

I.

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh ! then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Lighted by those eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

II.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh ! then, how sweet to say
Into the loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

III.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play !
Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

NATIONAL AIRS.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

Languedocian Air.

I.

Love is a hunter-boy,
 Who makes young hearts his prey,
 And in his nets of joy
 Ensnares them night and day.
 In vain conceal'd they lie—
 Love tracks them every where;
 In vain aloft they fly—
 Love shoots them flying there.

II.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
 At early dawn to trace
 The print of Beauty's feet,
 And give the trembler chase.
 And most he loves through snow
 To trace those footsteps fair,
 For then the boy doth know
 None track'd before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

I.

Come, chase that starting tear away,
 Ere mine to meet it springs;
 To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
 Whate'er to-morrow brings!
 Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
 When all is dark'ning fast,
 Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
 The brightest and the last.
 Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

II.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heaven
 But one bright hour allow,
 Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
 In all its splendour, now!

Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell—are touch'd with light—
Then lost for evermore.
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

Portuguese Air.

I.

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us—
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us.
Hearts beating, at meeting,—
Tears starting, at parting ;
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air,

I.

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave,
Of joys now lost and charms now fled,
Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. III.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

Swedish Air.

I.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

II.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath—
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up there ;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

III.

But Love didn't know—and at his weak years
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
That fountain which marmur'd below.

IV.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

V.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day,
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY ?

Steilian Air.

I.

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day ?
 There's nothing on earth, in sea or air,
 Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,
 For spirits like mine to dare !
 'Tis like the returning bloom
 Of those days, alas ! gone by,
 When I loved each hour—I scarce knew whom,—
 And was bless'd—I scarce know why.

II.

Ay, those were days when life had wings,
 And flew—oh, flew so wild a height,
 That, like the lark which sunward springs,
 'Twas giddy with too much light ;
 And, though of some plumes bereft,
 With that sun, too, nearly set,
 I've enough of light and wing still left
 For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS !

Welch Air.

I.

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
 Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping :
 Those by death or seas removed,
 Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
 All thou'st ever prized or loved,
 In dreams come smiling to thee !

II.

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
 Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest ;
 Still the same—no charm forgot—
 Nothing lost that life had given ;
 Or, if changed, but changed to what
 Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven !

NATIONAL AIRS.

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

I.

Go, then—'tis vainto hover
 Thus round a hope that's dead—
 At length my dream is over,
 'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!
 Farewell; since nought it moves thee,
 Such truth as mine to see,—
 Some one, who far less loves thee,
 Perhaps more bless'd will be.

II.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
 New life around me shed!
 Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
 Now leaves me death instead!
 Go, now, those charms surrender
 To some new lover's sigh,
 One who, though far less tender,
 May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

I.

O'ER mountains bright with snow and light,
 We Crystal Hunters speed along,
 While grotts and caves, and icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song;
 And, when we meet with stores of gems,
 We grudge not kings their diadems.
 O'er mountains bright with snow and light,
 We Crystal Hunters speed along,
 While grotts and caves, and icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song.

II.

No lover half so fondly dreams
 Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
 As we of those refreshing gleams
 That tell where deep the crystal lies;

Though, next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains, etc.

III.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains, etc.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

I.

Row gently here, my gondolier; so softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear, but hers to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well as starry eyes to see,
Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell of wand'ring youths
like me!

II.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier; hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height, while thou keep'st watch
below.
Ah! did we take for heaven above but half such pains as we
Take day and night for woman's love, what angels we should be!

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

I.

Oh! days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Whispering of joys that yet remain—
No, no, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

II.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
 Cold winds of Time blow round my brow ;
 Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me,
 Where is your warmth, your glory now ?
 'Tis not that then no pain could sting me—
 'Tis not that now no joys remain ;
 Oh ! it is that life no more can bring me
 One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

I.

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
 Oh ! what a vision then came o'er me !
 Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
 Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
 Ne'er did the peasant dream, ne'er dream of summer skies,
 Of golden fruit and harvests springing,
 With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
 And of the joy their light was bringing.

II.

Where now are all those fondly-promised hours ?
 Oh ! woman's faith is like her brightness,
 Fading as fast as rainbows or day-flowers,
 Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
 Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,
 Must be each vow of Love's repeating ;
 Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
 Even while he kneels that ray is fleeting !

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS !

Catalonian Air.

I.

PEACE to the slumberers !
 They lie on the battle-plain,
 With no shroud to cover them ;
 The dew and the summer rain
 Are all that weep over them.

II.

Vain was their bravery!
 The fallen oak lies where it lay,
 Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas! for ever.

III.

Woe to the Conqueror!
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
 Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
 Of vengeance they have left us!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Sicilian Air.

I.

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light
 We used to gaze on so many an eve,
 When love was new and hope was bright,
 Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—
 Oh! then, remembering how swift went by
 Those hours of transport, even thou may'st sigh.

II.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
 That love like ours was far too sweet
 To be, like summer garments thrown aside
 When past the summer's heat;
 And wish in vain to know again
 Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

Portuguese Air.

I.

HYMEN late, his love-knots selling,
 Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling:
 None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
 Hymen's call was welcome to them.

“Who’ll buy my love-knots?
 Who’ll buy my love-knots?”
 Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
 How his baskets were surrounded!

II.

Maids who now first dream’d of trying
 These gay knots of Hymen’s tying;
 Dames, who long had sat to watch him
 Passing by, but ne’er could catch him;—
 “Who’ll buy my love-knots?
 Who’ll buy my love-knots?”
 All that sweet cry assembled;
 Some laugh’d, some blush’d, and some trembled.

III.

“Here are knots,” said Hymen, taking
 Some loose flowers, “of Love’s own making;
 Here are gold ones—you may trust ’em,”—
 (These, of course, found ready custom).
 “Come buy my love-knots!
 Come buy my love-knots!
 Some are labell’d ‘Knots to tie men’—
 ‘Love the maker’—‘Bought of Hymen.’”

IV.

Scarce their bargains were completed,
 When the nymphs all cried, “We’re cheated!
 See these flowers—they’re drooping sadly;
 This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—
 Who’d buy such love-knots?
 Who’d buy such love-knots?
 Even this tie, with Love’s name round it—
 All a sham—he never bound it.”

V.

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
 Would have laugh’d, but for good-breeding;
 While Old Hymen, who was used to
 Cries like that these dames gave loose to—
 “Take back our love-knots!
 Take back our love-knots!”—
 Coolly said, “There’s no returning
 Wares on Hymen’s hands—Good morning!”

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

Sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.

I.

SEE, the dawn from heaven is breaking o'er our sight,
And Earth, from slumber awaking, hails the sight!
See, those groups of Angels, winging from the realms above,
On their sunny brows from Eden bringing wreaths of Hope
and Love.

II.

Hark—their hymns of glory pealing through the air,
To mortal ears revealing who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly, sleeps the heavenly Son,
He, whose home is in the skies,—the Holy One!

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. IV.

NETS AND CAGES.

Swedish Air.

I.

COME, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

II.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
Ere caught so much small game :
While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
When Cloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
One small, neat Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids, etc.

III.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task ;
But mark how things went on :
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone !

So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
 That, though she charm'd into them
 New game each hour, the youngest Love
 Was able to break through them.
 Come, listen, maids, etc.

IV.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
 Of bars too strong to sever,
 One Love with golden pinions caught,
 And caged him there for ever ;
 Instructing thereby, all coquettes,
 Whate'er their looks or ages,
 That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
 'Tis wiser to make Cages.
 Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
 The task your fingers ply.—
 May all who hear, like Susan smile,
 Ah ! not like Cloe sigh !

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

Venetian Air.

I.

WHEN through the Piazzetta
 Night breathes her cool air,
 Then, dearest Ninetta,
 I'll come to thee there.
 Beneath thy mask shrouded,
 I'll know thee afar,
 As Love knows, though clouded,
 His own Evening Star.

II.

In garb, then, resembling
 Some gay gondolier,
 I'll whisper thee, trembling,
 " Our bark, love, is near :
 Now, now, while there hover
 Those clouds o'er the moon,
 'Twill waft thee safe over
 Yon silent Lagoon."

NATIONAL AIRS.

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

Sicilian Air.

I.

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—
 Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
 Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour never flies,
 While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies!

II.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
 Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
 But, ah! never more will the beam she saw burn
 In those happy eyes at your meeting return.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

I.

TAKE hence the bowl; though beaming
 Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
 Oh! it but sets me dreaming
 Of days, of nights now gone.
 There, in its clear reflection,
 As in a wizard's glass,
 Lost hopes and dead affection,
 Like shades, before me pass.

II.

Each cup I drain brings hither
 Some friend who once sat by—
 Bright lips, too bright to wither,
 Warm hearts, too warm to die!
 Till, as the dream comes over me
 Of those long vanish'd years,
 Then, then the cup before me
 Seems turning all to tears.

FAREWELL, THERESA!

Venetian Air.

I.

FAREWELL, Theresa! that cloud which over
 Yon moon this moment gath'ring we see,

Shall scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

II.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow ;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee ;
Oh ! think how changed, love, how changed art thou now !

III.

But here I free thee : like one awaking
From fearful slumber, this dream thou'lt tell ;
The bright moon her spell too is breaking,
Past are the dark clouds ; Theresa, farewell !

HOW OFT WHEN WATCHING STARS.

Savoyard Air.

I.

How oft, when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
"Oh ! come, my love !" each note it utters seems to say ;
"Oh ! come, my love ! the night wears fast away !"
No, ne'er to mortal ear
Can words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me !

II.

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell ;
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
"I come, my love !" each sound they utter seems to say ;
"I come, my love ! thine, thine till break of day."
Oh ! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him.

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

German Air.

I.

WHEN the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and him!

II.

Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander,
While I, oh! much fonder,
Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

French Air.

I.

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes with earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
As flowers that first in spring-time burst,
The earliest wither too!
Ay—'tis all but a dream, etc.

II.

By friendship we oft are deceived,
And find the love we clung to past;
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.
The web in the leaves the spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'tis all but a dream, etc.

'TIS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

Italian Air.

I.

'Tis when the cup is smiling before us,
 And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy, true,
 That the sky of this life opens o'er us,
 And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
 Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
 We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus ;
 For him but *two* bright eyes were shining—
 See what numbers are sparkling for us !

II.

When on one side the grape-juice is dancing,
 And on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
 'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
 To disturb even a saint from his dreams.
 Though this life like a river is flowing,
 I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
 While the grape on its bank still is growing,
 And such eyes light the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME ?

Neapolitan Air.

I.

WHERE shall we bury our shame ?
 Where, in what desolate place,
 Hide the last wreck of a name
 Broken and stain'd by disgrace ?
 Death may dissever the chain,
 Oppression will cease when we're gone ;
 But the dishonour, the stain,
 Die as we may, will live on.

II.

Was it for this we sent out
 Liberty's cry from our shore ?
 Was it for this that her shout
 Thrill'd to the world's very core ?
 Thus to live cowards and slaves,
 Oh ! ye free hearts that lie dead !

Do you not, e'en in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

Mahratta Air.

I.

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools ;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the sunshine of the table ;—
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

II.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water,—
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter !
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh ! none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her !

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD !

Highland Air.

I.

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell,
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear !

II.

Sleep, mute Bard ! unheeded now.
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow ;—
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay ;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away !

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. V.

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Danish Air.

I.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that Hope's sweet day is set,
While I've thee and Love remaining,
Light is in th' horizon yet.

II.

Do not think those charms are flying,—
Though thy roses fade and fall,
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

III.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Hindoo Air.

I.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Thro' yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my Lady's light gazelle,
To me her love-thoughts bringing,—
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

S

II.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath
 My love hath kist in tying,
 Oh! what tender thoughts beneath
 Those silent flow'rs are lying!
 Hid within the mystic wreath,
 My love hath kist in tying.

III.

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest,
 Who thus sends her soul to me
 In every leaf thou bearest.
 Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest.

IV.

Hail! ye living speaking flowers,
 That breathe of her who bound ye,
 Oh! 'twas not in fields or bowers,
 'Twas on her lips she found ye.
 Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
 'Twas on her lips she found ye.

NO,—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

Spanish Air.

I.

No,—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When Youth and Love, and Hope have pass'd away—
 Could'st thou, when summer hours are fled,
 To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
 Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
 No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When youth, and Love, and Hope have pass'd away.

II.

Oh! had I met thee then, when life was bright,
 Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light.
 But now thou break'st like sunny skies,
 Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
 When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
 No,—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When Youth, and Love, and Hope have pass'd away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

AIR.—Unknown.

I.

“Where are the visions that round me once hover’d,
Forms that had grace in their shadows alone,
Looks, fresh as light from a star just discover’d,
And voices that music might take for her own?”

II.

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o’er me,
Heard me say “where are those visions, oh, where?”
And, pointing his wand to the sun-set before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, “There!”

III.

Fondly I look’d, when the wizard had spoken,
On to the dim-shining ruins of Day,
And there, in that light, like a talisman broken,
Saw the bright fragments of Hope melt away.

IV.

“Oh! lend me thy wings, Time,” I hastily utter’d,
Impatient to catch the last glimmer that shone;
But scarcely again had the dark wizard flutter’d
His wing o’er my head, ere the light all was gone.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

German Air.

I.

Wind thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute’s in glorious sighs,
Hunting is the hero’s joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies;
Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While Hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

II.

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till Echo, faint with answering, dies,
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild-boar lies.

Hark ! the cry, "he's found, he's found,"
 While hill and valley our shouts resound,
 Hilli-ho ! Hilli-ho !

OH ! GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

Scotch Air

I.

Oh ! guard our affection, and ne'er let it feel
 The blight, which this world o'er the warmest will steal.—
 While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
 Let *our* truth, at least, keep its bloom to the last !

II.

It is safer for *Love* to be watchful and weep,
 As he us'd in his prime, than go smiling to sleep.—
 For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,
 While the Love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

III.

And tho', as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
 A shade, somewhat darker, o'er life they may spread ;
 Yet transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
 So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.

SLUMBER, OH ! SLUMBER.

Air.—Unknown.

I.

"Slumber, oh ! slumber, if sleeping, thou mak'st
 My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost, when thou wak'st !"—
 Thus sung I to a maiden,
 Who slept one summer's day,
 And like a flow'r o'erladen
 With noon-tide sunshine, lay,
 Slumber, oh ! slumber, if sleeping, thou mak'st
 My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost when thou wak'st !

II.

"Breathe not, oh, breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks,
 If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks."

Thus sing I, while awaking,
 She murmurs words, that seem,
 As if her lips were taking
 Farewell of some sweet dream.
 Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks,
 If murm'ring she charm thus, I'm lost when she speaks.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

Russian Air.

I.

Bring the bright garlands hither,
 Ere yet a leaf is dying ;
 If so soon they must wither,
 Ours be their last sweet sighing.
 Hark ! that low, dismal chime,
 'Tis the dreary voice of Time.—
 Oh ! bring beauty, bring roses,
 Bring all that yet is ours,—
 Let life's day, as it closes,
 Shine to the last through flow'rs.

II.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
 Drink of it now or never,—
 Now while Beauty is shining,
 Love,—or she's lost for ever.—
 Hark ! again that dull chime !
 'Tis the dreary voice of Time.—
 Oh ! if Life be a torrent,
 Down to oblivion going,—
 Like this cup be its current—
 Bright to the last drop flowing !

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

Spanish Air.

I.

If in loving, singing, night and day,
 We could trifle merily life away,
 Like atoms, dancing in the beam,
 Or day-flies skimming o'er the stream ;

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Like summer odours, born to sigh
Their sweetness out and die.

II.

How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide !
No atoms ever play'd so bright,
No day-flies ever danc'd so light,
Nor odours ever mix'd their sigh,
So close as thou and I.

TOO PLAIN, ALAS!

French Air.

I.

Too plain, alas ! my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er ;
Thy heart is chang'd, thy vow is broken—
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.

II.

Tho' kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone which once they wore !
Tho' fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more!

III.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wert before ;
But now, alas ! there's no deceiving—
'Tis all too plain ;—thou lov'st no more.

IV.

Oh ! thou as soon the dead could'st waken
As lost affection's life restore ;
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him, who loves no more.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

Italian Air.

I.

When abroad, in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are there,

To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.
They pass, one by one, like waves of the sea,
That say to the sun "See, how bright we can be!"
But where's the light, like thine,
In sun and shade to shine,
No, no—'mong them all there is nothing like thee.

II.

When of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self us'd to steal from the skies—
Wrap a mist round her head of a morning,
And post down to earth in disguise!
No matter what crowd around her might be,
Men peep'd thro' the cloud, and whisper'd "'tis she!"
So, thou, where thousands are,
Dost shine the only star.
No, no—'mong them all there is nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

German Air.

I.

Keep those eyes still purely mine,
Tho' far off I be;
When they most for others shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me.

II.

Should those lips, as now, respond,
To sweet minstrelsy,—
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breath'd for me.

III.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

SACRED SONGS.



TO THE REV. THOMAS PARKINSON, D. D.
ARCHDEACON OF LEICESTER, CHANCELLOR OF CHESTER, AND
RECTOR OF KEGWORTH,
This Number of "Sacred Songs" is Inscribed,
By his Obliged and Faithful Friend,
Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, THOMAS MOORE.
May 22, 1824.

No. I.

THOU ART, OH GOD!

*Air. — Unknown.**

"The day is thine ; the night also is thine : thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth ; thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.

I.

THOU art, oh God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

II.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

III.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW,

AIR.—*Stevenson.*

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!

II.

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heaven!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

AIR.—*Martini.*

I.

FALLEN is thy throne, oh Israel !
 Silence is o'er thy plains ;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore ?
 That fire from heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem—
 Once she was all thy own ;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,*
 Her power thy glory's throne ;†
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree ;—‡
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other Gods than Thee !

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,§
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 While Baal reign'd as God !

IV.

"Go,"—said the Lord—"Ye conquerors !
 Steep in her blood your swords,

* "I have left mine heritage ; I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—*Jeremiah* xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—*Jer.* xiv. 21.

‡ "The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree ; fair and of goodly fruit," etc.—*Jer.* xi. 16.

§ "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—*Jer.* xvii. 6.

And rase to earth her battlements,*
 For they are not the Lord's!
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter †
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

WHO IS THE MAID?—ST. JEROME'S LOVE. ‡

AIR.—*Beethoven.*

I.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
 Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
 Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
 Is *her's* an eye of this world's light?
 No,—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
 Are the pale looks of her I love;
 Or if, at times, a light be there,
 Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
 From those who seek their Maker's shrine
 In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
 As if themselves were things divine!
 No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
 That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
 And she who comes in glittering vest
 To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
 And love, because its bloom is gone;

* "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."
 —*Jer. v. 10.*

† "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place."—*Jer. vii. 32.*

‡ "These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the matron Paula:—"Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata."—*Epist. "Si tibi putem."*

SACRED SONGS.

The glory in those sainted eyes
 Is all the grace her brow puts on.
 And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
 So touching as that form's decay,
 Which, like the altar's trembling light,
 In holy lustre wastes away!

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

AIR.—*Beethoven.*

I.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,*
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

II.

So grant me, God! from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
 My Soul, as home she springs;—
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings!

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

AIR.—*Haydn.*

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—*Psalm cxlvi. 3.*

I.

OH! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,

* The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !
 Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above ?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day !

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

AIR.—*Avison.*

I.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
 Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,
 To water that Eden where first was its source !
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

II.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the vale,*
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow!
 Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echoed in heaven by lips like her own!
 Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurled,
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

AIR.—*Stevenson.*

I.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.†

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy throne!

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, Oct. 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly, "There's nothing bright but Heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

† *Pii orant tacite.*

And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

IV.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

V.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity !

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.—MIRIAM'S SONG.

AIR.—*Avison*.*

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances."—*Exod.* xv. 20.

I.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen all splendid and brave—

* I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognised.

How vain was their boasting!—The Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.

II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,*
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

AIR.—*Stevenson.*

I.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
 While tears that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalation reach the skies.
 Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.—
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell

* "And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—*Exod. xiv. 24.*

The heart where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure loved too well!
 Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.

COME NOT, OH LORD!

AIR.—*Hadyn.*

I.

COME not, oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendour
 Thou worst on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
 Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
 Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

II.

Lord! thou rememberest the night, when thy nation*
 Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream;
 On Egypt † thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
 While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold thee,
 From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold thee,
 Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

AIR — *Stevenson.*

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy heaven,

* "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gavelight by night to these."—*Exod.* xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

† Instead of "On Egypt" here, it will suit the music better to sing "On these;" and in the third line of the next verse, "While shrouded" may, with the same view, be altered to "While wrapp'd."

When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?—

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfumes pour'd ;—

III.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone !

IV.

Were not those sweets so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

V.

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
“Love much”*—and be forgiven !

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

AIR.—*Haydn.*

I.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,
My God ! silent to thee—
Pure, warm, silent, to thee :
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee !

* “ Her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she loved much.”—*St. Luke vii. 47.*

II.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
 My God! trembling to thee—
 True, fond, trembling, to thee :
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee !

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

AIR.—*Stevenson.*

I.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now !*
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie ;†
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye ! ‡

II.

Then, Judah ! thou no more shall mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain ;
 Thy days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again. §
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace, by all who come ! ||
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home !

* "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations.—*Isaiah* xxv. 7.

† "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—*Isaiah* xxv. 8.

‡ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain."—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

§ "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—*Rev.* xxi. 5.

|| "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—*Rev.* xxii. 17.

ALMIGHTY GOD!—CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

AIR.—*Mozart.*

I.

ALMIGHTY God ! when round thy shrine -
 The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,*
 (Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
 And Love that "fadeth not away,")
 We bless the flowers, expanded all,†
 We bless the leaves that never fall,
 And trembling say,—“ In Eden thus
 The Tree of Life may flower for us !”

II.

When round thy cherubs, smiling calm
 Without their flames,‡ we wreath the palm,
 Oh God ! we feel the emblem true,—
 Thy mercy is eternal too !
 Those cherubs with their smiling eyes,
 That crown of palm which never dies,
 Are but the types of thee above—
 Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love ?

OH FAIR ! OH PUREST !—SAINT AUGUSTINE
TO HIS SISTER.§AIR.—*Moore.*

I.

OH fair ! oh purest ! be thou the dove
 That flies alone to some sunny grove,

* “ The scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel.”—*Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

† “ And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm trees, and open flowers.”—1 *Kings* vi. 29.

‡ “ When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great law-giver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames ; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind.”—*Observations on the Palm*.

§ In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful

And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white in the limpid spring.
 There if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring in its mirror clear
 Reflects him ere he can reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh ! be like this dove ;
 Oh fair ! oh purest ! be like this dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray :—
 And should the foes of virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 Between heaven and thee, and trembling fly !

Oh ! be like the dove ;
 Oh fair ! oh purest ! be like the dove.

passage, from which the thought of this song was taken :—
 "Te, soror, numquam nolo esse securam, sed timere, semperque
 tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ
 frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere
 supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt
 scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluen-
 tes," etc. etc. — *De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.*

SACRED SONGS.

No. II.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

AIR.—*Handel.*

I.

ANGEL of Charity, who from above
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear !
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there !

II.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky ;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
Lost in that blaze of bliss, they die. *
But long as Love, almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou shalt, oh ! Charity, dwell above,
Smiling for ever by his side.

BEHOLD THE SUN.

AIR.—*Lord Mornington.*

I.

BEHOLD the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs,

* "Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy."—PRIOR.

As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

II.

So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men ;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then !

III.

Before yon sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But oh how dim, how pale were those,
To his one burning eye !

IV.

So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night—
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they,
To thy one glorious light !

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY.

AIR.—*Dr. Boyce.*

I.

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy angel hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
And hear him swear by thee that time's no more ?*
When earth shall feel thy fast-consuming ray—
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day ?

II.

When through the world thy awful call hath sounded—
“Wake, oh ye dead, to judgment wake, ye dead !”†
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head ;‡

* “And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer.”
—*Rev. x. 5, 6.*

† “Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment.”

‡ “They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven,—and all the angels with him.”—*Matt. xxiv. 30. and xxv. 31.*

While earth and heaven before him pass away—*
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

III.

When, with a glance, the eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, "Depart from me for ever!"
To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!"†
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

OH! TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

AIR.—*Haydn.*

I.

OH! teach me to love thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown—
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserved for thy worship alone!

II.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Oh still let me, living and dying the same,
In thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away!

III.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth,
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky!

* "From his face the earth and the heaven fled away."—
Rev. xx. 11.

† "And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you, etc.

"Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, etc.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."—*Matt. xxv. 32, et seq.*

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

AIR.—*Stevenson.*

I.

WEEP, weep for him, the man of God—*
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest,
 But none of earth can point the sod †
 That flowers above his sacred breast.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

II.

His doctrines fell like heaven's rain, ‡
 His words refresh'd like heaven's dew—
 Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
 A chief, to God and her so true.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

III.

Remember ye his parting gaze,
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
 When, full of glory and of days,
 He saw the promised land—and died! §
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

IV.

Yet died he not as men who sink,
 Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
 But, changed to spirit, like a wink
 Of summer lightning, pass'd away! ||
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

* "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab."—*Deut.* xxxiv. 8.

† "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Ibid.* ver. 6.

‡ "My doctrines shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew."—*Moses' Song.*

§ "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—*Ver.* 5.

|| "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books, that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God.—*Josephus*, Book iv. c. viii.

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

AIR.—*Beethoven.*

I.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

II.

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there !

III.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire—
But when he swept its chords along,
Even angels stoop'd to hear that song.

IV.

So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies !

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

AIR.—*German.*

I.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come at the shrine of God fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

II.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—
“ Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.”

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
 What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
 Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
 "Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

AIR.—*Stevenson.*

I.

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come ; *
 The nations, that before outshone thee,
 Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
 The glory of the Lord is on thee !

II.

Arise—the Gentiles, to thy ray,
 From every nook of earth shall cluster ;
 And kings and princes haste to pay
 Their homage to thy rising lustre. †

III.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
 O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
 Thy exiled sons return to thee,
 To thee return thy home-sick daughters. ‡

IV.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
 Shall lay their treasures down before thee ;
 And Saba bring her gold and scents,
 To fill thy air, and sparkle o'er thee. §

V.

See who are these that, like a clond, ¶
 Are gathering from all earth's dominions,

* "Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—*Isaiah lx.*

† "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—*Ib.*

‡ "Lift up thine eyes round about and see ; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee : thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."—*Ib.*

§ "The multitude of camels shall cover thee ; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah ; all they from Sheba shall come ; they shall bring gold and incense."—*Ib.*

¶ "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows ?"—*Ib.*

Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

VI.

Surely the isles shall wait for me, *
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

VII.

And Lebanon, thy pomp shall grace—†
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

VIII.

No more shall discord haunt thy ways, ‡
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation ;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

IX.

The sun no more shall make thee bright, §
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee ;
But GOD Himself shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

X.

Thy sun shall never more go down ;
A ray, from heav'n itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown—
Thy days of mourning all are ended.¶

* "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them."—*Isaiah* lx.

† "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee ; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—*Ib.*

‡ "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders ; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise."—*Ib.*

§ "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee ; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."—*Ib.*

¶ "Thy sun shall no more go down ; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Ib.*

XI.

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
 The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
 Which I have planted with this hand—
 Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.*

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

AIR.—*Crescentini.*

I.

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
 Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—
 What may that Desert be?
 'Tis life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
 Are lost, like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

II.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
 The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—
 Who may that Pilgrim be?
 'Tis man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
 By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

III.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing,
 To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—
 What may that Fountain be?
 'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
 By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.†

IV.

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
 To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—
 Who may that Spirit be?
 'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that, where'er
 Her wand stoops to worship, the Truth must be there.

* "Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands."—*Isaiah* lx.

† In singing, the following line had better be adopted—
 "Can but by the gifted of heaven be found."

SACRED SONGS.

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

AIR.—*Nicholas Freeman.*

I.

SINCE first thy word awakened my heart,
 Like new life dawning o'er me,
 Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
 All light and love before me.
 Nought else I feel, or hear or see—
 All bonds of earth I sever—
 Thee, oh God, and only Thee
 I live for, now and ever.

II.

Like him, whose fetters dropp'd away
 When light shone o'er his prison,*
 My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
 Hath from her chains arisen.
 And shall a soul Thou bid'st be free
 Return to bondage?—never!
 Thee, oh God, and only Thee
 I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

AIR.—*Rousseau.*

I.

HARK!—'tis the breeze of twilight calling
 Earth's weary children to repose;
 While, round the couch of Nature falling,
 Gently the night's soft curtains close.
 Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
 Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
 Shall look, like eyes of cherubs shining
 From out the veils that hid the Ark!

II.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
 Thou who, in silence throned above,

* "And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands."—*Acts xii. 7.*

Throughout all time, unwearied, keepst
Thy watch of Glory, Power, and Love.
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED?

AIR.—*Hasse.*

I.

WHERE is your dwelling, ye sainted?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of spirits?
Or hope to dwell with you there.

II.

Sages who, ev'n in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the seraphs, adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—
Martyrs, who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners, whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good—

III.

Maidens who, like the young Crescent,
Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the Present,
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?
Or, oh, to whom is it granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

AIR.—*Anonymous.*

I.

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
 Whose theme is in the skies—
 Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
 The nearer heaven they rise !

II.

Though Love his wreathed lyre may tune,
 Yet ah ! the flowers he round it wreathes
 Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
 Whose madness from their odour breathes.
 How purer far the sacred lute,
 Round which Devotion ties
 Sweet flowers that turn to heav'nly fruit,
 And palm that never dies.

III.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
 Most welcome to the hero's ears,
 Alas, his chords of victory
 Are bathed, all o'er, with tears.
 How far more sweet their numbers run,
 Who hymn, like saints above,
 No victor, but the Eternal One,
 No trophies but of Love !

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

AIR.—*Stevenson.*

I.

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,*
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come !
 From that time,† when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
 Looking motionless down,‡ saw the kings of the earth,

* “And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerrusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches,” etc. etc.—*Neh.* viii. 15.

† “For since the days of Joshua the son of Nun, unto that day, had not the children of Israel done so : and there was very great gladness.”—*Ib.* 17.

‡ “Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon ; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.”—*Josh.* x. 12.

In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow pale—

Oh never had Judah an hour of such mirth!

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,

And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

II.

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree

That is worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.*

From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,

With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep tide,
Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on—†

Oh never had Judah an hour of such pride!

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,

And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER.

AIR.—*Haydn.*

I.

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,

When the spirit leaves this sphere,

Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her

To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,

Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,

There, as warm, as bright as ever,

Shall meet us and be lost no more.

II.

When wearily we wander, asking

Of earth and heaven, where are they,

Beneath whose smile we once lay basking—

Blest, and thinking bliss would stay!

Hope still lifts her radiant finger

Pointing to the eternal home,

Upon whose portal yet they linger,

Looking back for us to come.

* "Fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths."—*Neh.* viii. 15.

† "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground."—*Josh.* iii. 17.

III.

Alas—alas—doth Hope deceive us ?
 Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
 That bind a moment, and then leave us,
 Be found again where nothing dies ?
 Oh ! if no other boon were given,
 To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
 Who would not try to win a heaven
 Where all we love shall live again ?

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

AIR.—*Novello.*

I.

“WAR against Babylon !” shout we around,*
 Be our banners through earth unfurl’d ;
 Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—†
 “War against Babylon !” shout through the world †
 Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,‡
 Thy day of pride is ended now ;
 And the dark curse of Israel’s daughters
 Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow !
 War, war, war against Babylon !

II.

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,§
 Set the standard of God on high—
 Swarm we, like locusts, o’er all her fields,
 “Zion” our watchword, and “vengeance” our cry !
 Woe ! woe !—the time of thy visitation ||
 Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
 And the bleak wave of desolation
 Sweeps o’er thy guilty head, at last !
 War, war, war against Babylon !

* “Shout against her round about.”—*Jer.* i. 16.

† “Set up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms, etc. etc.”—*Is.* li. 27.

‡ “Oh thou, that dwellest upon many waters, thy end is come.”—*Jer.* i. 13.

§ “Make bright the arrows ; gather the shields . . . set the standard upon the walls of Babylon.”—*Is.*

|| “Woe unto them ! for their day is come, the time of their visitation.”—*Is.*

A MELOLOGUE

Upon National Music.



ADVERTISEMENT.

These verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term *monopoly*." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that, by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the *Athalie* of Racine.

T. M.

MELOLOGUE.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt

* Far as the pure air spreads its living zone ;

Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,

That language of the soul is felt and known.

From those meridian plains,

Where oft, of old, on some high tower,

The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,

And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,

That, when she heard the lonely lay,

Not worlds could keep her from his arms away ; *

To the bleak climes of polar night,

Where, beneath a sunless sky,

The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,

And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,

As blithe as if the blessed light

Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.

Oh Music ! thy celestial claim

Is still resistless, still the same ;

And, faithful as the mighty sea

To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,

The spell-bound tides

Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

Greek Air.

List ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,

While, from Ilissus' silvery springs,

She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn ;

And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,

* "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, "For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband."—*Garcilasso de la Véga*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
 Dreams of bright days that never can return !
 When Athens nursed her olive bough,
 With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
 And braided for the muse's brow
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.
 When heroes trod each classic field
 Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
 When every arm was Freedom's shield,
 And every heart was Freedom's altar !

Flourish of Trumpet.

Hark ! 'tis the sound that charms
 The war-steed's wakening ears !—
 Oh ! many a mother folds her arms
 Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears ;
 And, though her fond hearts sink with fears,
 Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
 With valour's fever at the sound !
 See ! from his native hills afar
 The rude Helvetian flies to war ;
 Careless for what, for whom he fights,
 For slave or despot, wrongs or rights ;
 A conqueror oft—a hero never—
 Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
 As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
 And gush'd for ever !
 Oh Music ! here, even here,
 Amid this thoughtless, wild career,
 Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
 There is an air, which oft among the rocks
 Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
 Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks ;
 Oh ! every note of it would thrill his mind
 With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
 The rosy children whom he left behind,
 And fill each little angel eye
 With speaking tears, that ask him why
 He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these ?
 Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar ;
 Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears ;
 And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
 Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears !

Swiss Air.—“Ranz des Vaches.”

Buf, wake the trumpet's blast again,
 And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
 Oh War! when Truth thy arm employs,
 And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
 'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
 And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys!
 Nor, Music! through thy breathing sphere,
 Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
 Of Him who made all harmony,
 Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
 And the first hymn that man, awaking
 From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!

Spanish Chorus.

HARK! from Spain, indignant Spain,
 Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
 Like morning's music on the air!
 And seems, in every note, to swear
 By Sarragossa's ruin'd streets,
 By brave Gerona's deathful story,
 That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
 That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory!

Spanish Air.—“Ya Desperto.”

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
 If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's light
 Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal
 Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
 What song shall then in sadness tell
 Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
 Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
 Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
 What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
 In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
 What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
 Oh Erin! Thine!

BALLADS, SONGS, &c.



BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

I.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts, without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em, dear Fanny!

II.

The black eye may say,
"Come and worship my ray,—
"By adoring, perhaps you may move me!"
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and I'm yours if you love me!"
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and am yours if you love me!" dear Fanny!

III.

Then tell me, oh! why,
In that lovely eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
Oh! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover, dear Fanny?

CEASE, OH CEASE TO TEMPT!

I.

CEASE, oh cease to tempt
 My tender heart to love!
 It never, never can
 So wild a flame approve.
 All its joys and pains
 To others I resign;
 But be the vacant heart,
 The careless bosom mine.
 Then cease, oh cease to tempt
 My tender heart to love!
 It never, never can
 So wild a flame approve.

II.

Say, oh say no more
 That lovers' pains are sweet!
 I never, never can
 Believe the fond deceit.
 Weeping day and night,
 Consuming life in sighs,—
 This is the lover's lot,
 And this I ne'er could prize.
 Then say, oh say no more
 That lovers' pains are sweet!
 I never, never can
 Believe the fond deceit.

DEAR FANNY!

I.

SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;
 She has wit, but you must not be caught so;
 Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
 And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
 Dear Fanny!

II.

"She is lovely!" Then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
 'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:
 Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
 That Love reasons much better than Reason,
 Dear Fanny?

DID NOT.

I.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not, which then we hid not.
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every murmur'd sigh,
To speak, but did not; to speak, but did not.

II.

She felt my lips impassion'd touch—
'Twas the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not, and yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not; sweet soul! I did not.

III.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not, though gently bid not;
Till—oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet who did not, and yet who did not.

FANNY, DEAREST!

I.

OH! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest! for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears, when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The love, that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

II.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest! thy image lies;

But, oh! the mirror would cease to shine,
 If dimm'd too often with sighs.
 They lose the half of beauty's light,
 Who view it through sorrow's tear;
 And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
 That I keep my eye-beam clear.
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
 Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
 I shall never attempt it with rain.

FANNY WAS IN THE GROVE.

I.

FANNY was in the grove,
 And Lubin, her boy, was nigh;
 Her eye was warm with love,
 And her soul was warm as her eye.
 Oh! oh! if Lubin now would sue,
 Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

II.

Fanny was made for bliss,
 But she was young and shy;
 And when he had stolen a kiss,
 She blush'd, and said with a sigh—
 "Oh! oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true,
 Oh! oh! what are you going to do?"

III.

They wander'd beneath the shade,
 Her eye was dimm'd with a tear,
 For ah! the poor little maid
 Was thrilling with love and fear.
 Oh! oh! if Lubin would but sue,
 Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

IV.

Sweetly along the grove
 The birds sang all the while,
 And Fanny now said to her love,
 With a frown that was half a smile—
 "Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?
 Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?"

Viver en Cadinas.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

I.

FROM life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly ?
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?
Hark !—hark ! 'tis the trumpet ! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—oh ! fly to her aid ;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
From life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly ?
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?

II.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains !
On, on to the combat ! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh ! even if Freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

I.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !
Roses now unheeded sigh ;
Where's the hand to wreath them ?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lip to breathe them ?
Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

II.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness !

Time, that once so fleetly moved,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days, when here she stray'd,
 Days were moments near her ;
 Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
 Nor Pity wept a dearer !
 Here's the bower she loved so much,
 And the tree she planted ;
 Here's the harp she used to touch—
 Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

HOLY BE THE PILGRIM'S SLEEP.

HOLY be the Pilgrim's sleep,
 From the dreams of terror free ;
 And may all, who wake to weep,
 Rest to-night as sweet as he !
 Hark ! hark ! did I hear a vesper swell !
 No, no—it is my loved Pilgrim's prayer :
 No, no—'twas but the convent bell,
 That tolls upon the midnight air.
 Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep !
 Now, now again the voice I hear ;
 Some holy man is wand'ring near.

O Pilgrim ! where hast thou been roaming ?
 Dark is the way, and midnight's coming.
 Stranger, I've been o'er moor and mountain,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
 And, Pilgrim, say, where art thou going ?
 Dark is the way, the winds are blowing.
 Weary with wand'ring, weak, I falter,
 To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar.
 Strew, then, oh ! strew his bed of rushes ;
 Here he shall rest till morning blushes.

Peace to them whose days are done,
 Death their eyelids closing ;
 Hark ! the burial-rite's begun —
 'Tis time for our reposing.

Here, then, my pilgrim's course is o'er :
 'Tis my master ! 'tis my master ! Welcome here once
 more ;

Come to our shed—all toil is over ;
Pilgrim no more, but knight and lover.

I CAN NO LONGER STIFLE.

I.

I can no longer stifle,
How much I long to rifle
That little part
They call the heart
Of you, you lovely trifle !
You can no longer doubt it,
So let me be about it ;
Or on my word,
And by the Lord,
I'll try to do without it.

II.

This pretty thing's as light, Sir,
As any paper kite, Sir,
And here and there,
And God knows where,
She takes her wheeling flight, Sir.
Us lovers, to amuse us,
Unto her tail she nooses ;
There, hung like bobs
Of straw, or nobbs,
She whisks us where she chuses.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

I.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
But quick he bounded forth ;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.

II.

The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets !
When summer brings, at last,
The sun that never sets.
So dawn'd my love for you ;
Thus chasing every pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

I.

JOYS that pass away like this,
Alas ! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is follow'd by a tear.
Fare thee well ! oh, fare thee well !
Soon, too soon thou hast broke the spell.
Oh ! I ne'er can love again
The girl whose faithless art
Could break so dear a chain,
And with it break my heart.

II.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone ;
But now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas ! is gone.
Fare thee well ! oh, fare thee well !
How I've loved my hate shall tell.
Oh ! how lorn, how lost would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceived in love,
He could not fly to hate.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

I.

LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over—
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom—
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

But, when the foe returns,
 Again the hero burns ;
 High flames the sword in his hand once more ;
 The clang of mingling arms
 Is then the sound that charms,
 And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets roar.
 Oh ! then comes the harp, when the combat is over—
 When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom—
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

III.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
 Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest—
 When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
 But, when the battle came,
 The hero's eye breathed flame :
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung ;
 While to his wakening ear
 No other sounds were dear,
 But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
 But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
 And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest ;
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

LITTLE MARY'S EYE.

I.

LITTLE Mary's eye
 Is roguish, and all that, Sir ;
 But her little tongue
 Is quite too full of chat, Sir.
 Since her eye can speak
 Enough to tell her blisses,
 If she stir her tongue,
 Why—stop her mouth with kisses !
 Oh ! the little girls,
 Wily, warm, and winning ;
 When angels tempt us to it,
 Who can keep from sinning ?

II.

Nanny's beaming eye
 Looks as warm as any ;
 But her cheek was pale—
 Well-a-day, poor Nanny !
 Nanny, in the field,
 She pluck'd a little posie,
 And Nanny's pallid cheek
 Soon grew sleek and rosy.
 Oh ! the little girls, etc.

III.

Sue, the pretty nun,
 Prays with warm emotion ;
 Sweetly rolls her eye
 In love or in devotion.
 If her pious heart
 Softens to relieve you,
 She gently shares the crime,
 With, " Oh ! may God forgive you !"
 Oh ! the little girls,
 Wily, warm, and winning ;
 When angels tempt us to it,
 Who can keep from sinning ?

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

I.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
 Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd ;
 " Why thus in darkness lie ?" whisper'd young Love,
 " Thou, whose gay hours should in sunshine move."
 " I ne'er," said the Dial, " have seen the warm sun,
 " So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

II.

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
 And placed her where Heaven's beam warmly play'd.
 There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
 While, all mark'd with sunshine, her hours flew by.
 " Oh ! how," said the Dial, " can any fair maid,
 " That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade !"

III.

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
 And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
 Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
 Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
 That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
 And left the remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

I.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
 Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
 That Love and Time have only got
 One pair of wings between 'em.
 In courtship's first delicious hour,
 The boy full oft can spare 'em,
 So, loitering in his lady's bower,
 He lets the gray-beard wear 'em.
 Then is Time's hour of play;
 Oh! how he flies away!

II.

But short the moments, short as bright,
 When he the wings can borrow;
 If Time to-day has had his flight,
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.
 Ah! Time and Love! your change is then
 The saddest and most trying,
 When one begins to limp again,
 And t'other takes to flying.
 Then is Love's hour to stray;
 Oh! how he flies away!

III.

But there's a nymph—whose chains I feel,
 And bless the silken fetter—
 Who knows—the dear one!—how to deal
 With Love and Time much better.
 So well she checks their wanderings,
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
 And Time for ever wears 'em.
 This is Time's holiday;
 Oh! how he flies away!

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

I.

LOVE, my Mary, dwells with thee ;
 On thy cheek his bed I see.
 No—that cheek is pale with care ;
 Love can find no roses there.
 'Tis not on the cheek of rose
 Love can find the best repose :
 In my heart his home thou'lt see ;
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

II.

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
 While he makes that eye his home.
 No—the eye with sorrow dim
 Ne'er can be a home for him.
 Yet, 'tis not in beaming eyes
 Love for ever warmest lies :
 In my heart his home thou'lt see ;
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

I.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last ;
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
 Oh ! if to love thee more
 Each hour I number o'er—
 If this a passion be
 Worthy of thee,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

II.

Rest, dear bosom ! no sorrows shall pain thee,
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;
 Beam, bright eyelid ! no weeping shall stain thee,
 Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh! if there be a charm
 In love, to banish harm—
 If pleasure's truest spell
 Be to love well,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze,
 Of my beloved's hair,
 Traced every lock with fond delays,
 And, doting, linger'd there.
 And soon he found 'twere vain to fly ;
 His heart was closed confined,
 And every curlet was a tie—
 A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

I.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
 Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !
 Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
 Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !
 There the warrior's arms
 Shed more splendour,
 There the maiden's charms
 Shine more tender—
 Every joy the land surroundeth,
 Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !

II.

Wearily every bosom pineth,
 Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !
 Where the bond of slavery twineth,
 Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !

BALLADS, SONGS, &c.

There the warrior's dart
 Hath no fleetness,
 There the maiden's heart
 Hath no sweetness—
 Every flower of life declineth,
 Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !

III.

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !
 Like your native fountains sally,
 Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !
 If a glorious death,
 Won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than breath
 Sigh'd in slavery,
 Round the flag of Freedom rally,
 Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

Now let the warrior plume his steed,
 And wave his sword afar ;
 For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
 And the sun shall blush with war.
 Victory sits on the Christian's helm
 To guide her holy band :
 The Knight of the Cross this day shall whelm
 The men of the Pagan land.
 Oh ! bless'd who in the battle dies !
 God will enshrine him in the skies !
 Now let the warrior plume his steed,
 And wave his sword afar,
 For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
 And the sun shall blush with war.

OH, LADY FAIR !

I.

Oh, Lady fair ! where art thou roaming ?
 The sun has sunk, the night is coming.
 Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.

And who is the man, with his white locks flowing ?
 Oh, Lady fair ! where is he going ?
 A wand'ring Pilgrim, weak, I falter,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
 Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
 Dreary and dark's the way we're going.

II.

Fair Lady ! rest till morning blushes—
 I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.
 Oh ! stranger ! when my beads I'm counting,
 I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.
 Then, Pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow ;
 Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.
 Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
 My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
 Strew, then, oh ! strew our bed of rushes ;
 Here we must rest till morning blushes.

OH ! REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

I.

OH ! remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
 When our moments so blisfully flew ;
 When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
 And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
 When I taught you to warble the gay seguedille,
 And to dance to the light castanet ;
 Oh ! never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
 The delight of those moments forget.

II.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
 Every hour a new passion can feel,
 And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove ;
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
 That is fondest and truest in love !

OH! SEE THOSE CHERRIES.

I.

OH! see those cherries—though once so glowing,
 They've lain too long on the sun-bright wall;
 And mark! already their bloom is going;
 Too soon they'll wither, too soon they'll fall.
 Once, caught by their blushes, the light bird flew round,
 Oft on their ruby lips leaving love's wound;
 But now he passes them, ah! too knowing
 To taste wither'd cherries, when fresh may be found.

II.

Old Time thus fleetly his course is running;
 If bards were not moral, how maids would go wrong!
 And thus thy beauties, now sunn'd and sunning,
 Would wither if left on the rose-tree too long.
 Then love while thou'rt lovely—e'en I should be glad
 So sweetly to save thee from ruin so sad;
 But, oh! delay not—we bards are too cunning
 To sigh for old beauties when young may be had.

OH! SOON RETURN!

I.

THE white sail caught the evening ray,
 The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
 When all my weeping love could say
 Was, "Oh! soon return!"
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
 Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
 Now sunn'd by summer's zone:
 Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
 When evening bid the west wave burn,
 I thought I heard her faintly say,
 "Oh! soon return!—Oh! soon return!"

II.

If ever yet my bosom found
 Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
 'Twas when the combat raged around,
 And brave men look'd to me.

But though 'mid battles wild alarm
 Love's gentle power might not appear,
 He gave to glory's brow the charin
 Which made even danger dear.
 And then, when victory's calm came o'er
 The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
 I heard that farewell voice once more,
 "Oh! soon return!—Oh! soon return!"

OH! YES, SO WELL.

I.

Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Were worthless without thee.
 Though, brimm'd with blisses, pure and rare,
 Life's cup before me lay,
 Unless thy love were mingled there,
 I'd spurn the draught away.
 Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Are worthless without thee.

II.

Without thy smile how joylessly
 All glory's meeds I see!
 And even the wreath of victory
 Must owe its bloom to thee.
 Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
 For me have now no charms;
 My only world's thy radiant eyes—
 My throne those circling arms!
 Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Whole realms of light and liberty
 Were worthless without thee.

OH! YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

I.

Oh! yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
 He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay;

And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore,

The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

II.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will crown :
Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

 ONE DEAR SMILE.

I.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee ;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh ! how blissful life would be !
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

II.

Oh ! there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past ;
Vain was every ardent vow—
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold :
Oh ! thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

 POH, DERMOT ! GO ALONG WITH YOUR GOSTER.

I.

POH, Dermot ! go along with your goster,
You might as well pray at a jig,
Or teach an old cow Pater Noster,
Or whistle Moll Roe to a pig !

Arrah, child ! do you think I'm a blockhead,
And not the right son of my mother,
To put nothing at all in one pocket,
And not half so much in the other ?
Poh, Dermot ! etc.

.. II.

Any thing else I can do for you,
Keadh mille faltha, and welcome,
Put up an Ave or two for you,
Fear'd that you'd ever to hell come.
If you confess you're a rogue,
I will turn a deaf ear, and not care for 't ;
Bid you put pease in your brogue,
But just tip you a hint to go barefoot.
Then get along with, etc.

III.

If you've the whiskey in play,
To oblige you, I'll come take a smack of it ;
Stay with you all night and day,
Ay, and twenty-four hours to the back of it.
Oh ! whiskey's a papist, God save it !
The beads are upon it completely ;
But I think, before ever we'd leave it,
We'd make it a heretic neatly.
Then get along with, etc.

IV.

If you're afraid of a Banshee,
Or Leprochauns are not so civil, dear,
Let Father Luke show his paunch, he
Will frighten them all to the devil, dear.
It's I that can hunt them like ferrets,
And lay them without any fear, gra ;
But for whiskey, and that sort of spirits,
Why, them—I would rather lay here,* gra.
Then get along with, etc.

SEND THE BOWL ROUND MERRILY.

I.

SEND the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking ;

* Putting his hand on his paunch.

Toast it, toast it cheerily—
 Here's to the devil with thinking !
 Oh ! for the round of pleasure,
 With sweetly-smiling lasses—
 Glasses o'erflowing their measure,
 With hearts as full as our glasses.
 Send the bowl round merrily,
 Laughing, singing, drinking ;
 Toast it, toast it cheerily—
 Here's to the devil with thinking !

II.

Once I met with a funny lass,
 Oh ! I loved her dearly !
 Left for her my bonny glass—
 Faith ! I died for her—nearly.
 But she proved damn'd uncivil,
 And thought to peck like a hen, sir ;
 So I pitch'd the jade to the devil,
 And took to my glass again, sir.
 Then send the bowl, etc.

III.

Now I'm turn'd a rover,
 In love with every petticoat ;
 No matter whom it may cover,
 Or whether it's Jenny's or Betty's coat ;
 And, if the girls can put up
 With any good thing in pieces,
 My heart I'll certainly cut up,
 And share it with all young misses.
 Then send the bowl, etc.

IV.

A bumper round to the pretty ones !
 Here's to the girl with the blue eyes !
 Here's to her with the jetty ones,
 Where the languishing dew lies !
 Could all such hours as this is
 Be summ'd in one little measure,
 I'd live a short life of blisses,
 And die in a surfeit of pleasure !
 Then send the bowl, etc.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

I.

THE beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins—sweet morn of love !

II.

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands—warm noon of love !

III.

But evening came, o'er shading
The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
From Passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines—cold eve of love !

THE PROBABILITY.

I.

My heart is united to Chloe's for ever,
No time shall the link of their tenderness sever ;
And, if Love be the parent of joy and of pleasure,
Sure Chloe and I shall be blest beyond measure.

II.

Come, tell me, my girl, what's the sweetest of blisses ?
" I'll show you," she cries, and she gives me sweet
 kisses ;
Ah, Clo' ! if that languishing eye's not a traitor,
It tells me you know of a bliss that is greater.

III.

" Indeed and I do not ;"—then softly she blushes,
And her bosom the warm tint of modesty flushes—
" I'm sure if I knew it, I'd certainly show it,
But, Damon, now Damon, dear, may be you know it ?"

THE SONG OF WAR.

I.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's lingering chains—
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
 No ! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, oh Peace ! thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

II.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
 " Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
 " And Freedom comes with new-born ray,
 " To gild your vines and light your fountains."
 Oh ! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, oh Peace ! thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE TABLET OF LOVE.

I.

You bid me be happy, and bid me adieu—
 Can happiness live when absent from you ?
 Will sleep on my eyelids e'er sweetly alight,
 When greeted no more by a tender good night ?
 Oh, never ! for deep is the record enshrined ;
 Thy look and thy voice will survive in my mind :
 Though age may the treasures of mem'ry remove,
 Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

II.

Through life's winding valley—in anguish, in rest ;
 Exalted in joy, or by sorrow depress'd—
 From its place in the mirror that lies on my heart,
 Thine image shall never one moment depart.
 When time, life, and all that poor mortals hold dear,
 Like visions, like dreams, shall at last disappear,
 Though raised among seraphs to realms above,
 Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

I.

THE young rose which I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

II.

Oh ! take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee !
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN IN LANGUOR SLEEPS THE HEART.

I.

WHEN in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart ;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark.

II.

Come, oh ! come then, let us haste,
All the bliss of love to taste ;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away !

III.

And for hearts from loving free
(If indeed such hearts there be),
May they ne'er the rapture prove
Of the smile from lips we love.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

I.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine :
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,

BALLADS, SONGS, &c.

Oh ! then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them as they flow.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

II.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile with many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
 How bright soe'er it seem.
 But, when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh ! then the smile is warm'd away,
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

 WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

I.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
 Upon the rosy sea, love !
 I watch the star, whose beam so oft
 Has lighted me to thee, love !
 And thou too, on that orb so clear,
 Ah ! dost thou gaze at even,
 And think, though lost for ever here,
 Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven ?

II.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see, love !
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
 Some joy I've lost with thee, love !
 And still I wish that hour was near,
 When, friends and foes forgiven,
 The pangs, the ills we've wept through here,
 May turn to smiles in Heaven !

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER ?

I.

WILL you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew.

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower ?

II.

There, under the bower, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Smile, my beloved ?

III.

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Kiss me, my love ?

IV.

And oh ! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses, or kisses from you.

Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Won't you, my love ?

YOUNG JESSICA.

I.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
In love-dreams languishingly pining,
Her needle bright neglected lay,
Like truant genius, idly shining.
Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

II.

A child who with a magnet play'd,
And knew its winning ways so wily,
The magnet near the needle laid,
And laughing said, " We'll steal it sily."

The needle, having nought to do,
 Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
 Till closer still the tempter drew,
 And off, at length, eloped the needle.

III.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
 To some gay *Ridicule's* construction,
 It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
 Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
 Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts,
 Your snowy fingers must be nimble ;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

I.

THEY tell us that Woman was made of a rib
 Just pick'd from a corner so snug in the side ;
 But the Rabbins swear to you this is a fib,
 And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
 With a tail like a monkey, full yard and a span ;
 And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
 Why—then Woman was made of the tail of the Man.
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

If such is the tie between Women and Men,
 The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf ;
 For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
 And makes a most damnable ape of himself !
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
 Every husband remembers th' original plan,
 And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
 Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

FAREWELL, BESSY !

I.

SWEETEST love ! I'll not forget thee,
 Time shall only teach my heart
 Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
 Lovely, gentle as thou art !
 Farewell, Bessy !
 We may meet again.

II.

Yes, oh yes ! again we meet, love !
 And repose our hearts at last ;
 Oh, sure 'twill then be sweet, love !
 Calm to think on sorrows past.
 Farewell, Bessy !
 We may meet again.

III.

Yet I feel my heart is breaking
 When I think I stray from thee,
 Round the world that quiet seeking
 Which I fear is not for me.
 Farewell, Bessy !
 We may meet again.

IV.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
 Can it, dearest ! must it be ?
 Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
 He for ever loses thee !
 Farewell, Bessy !
 Yet oh ! not for ever.

TO-DAY, DEAREST ! IS OURS.

I.

TO-DAY, dearest ! is ours ;
 Why should Love carelessly lose it ?
 This life shines or lowers
 Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
 'Tis time enough, when its flowers decay,
 To think of the thorns of Sorrow ;
 And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
 May wither before to-morrow.

II.

Then why, dearest ! so long
 Let the sweet moments fly over ?
 Though now, blooming and young,
 Thou hast me devoutly thy lover,
 Yet time from both, in his silent lapse,
 Some treasure may steal or borrow ;
 Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,
 Or I less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

I.

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
 As if 'twould linger there for ever ;
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,
 Yet still look down, and venture never ;
 When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
 There's one we dream of more than any—
 If all this is not real love,
 'Tis something wondrous like it, Fanny ?

II.

To think and ponder, when apart,
 On all we've got to say at meeting ;
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating :
 To see but one bright object move,
 The only moon, where stars are many—
 If all this is not downright love,
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny !

III.

When Hope foretels the brightest, best,
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons ;
 When Passion drives us to the west,
 Though Prudence to the eastward beckons ;
 When all turns round, below, above,
 And our own heads the most of any—
 If this is not stark, staring love,
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

I.

HERE, take my heart, 'twill be safe in thy keeping,
While I go wandering o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee? .

II.

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
They who have light hearts the happiest be—
Happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee!

III.

No matter where I may now be a rover,
No matter how many bright eyes I see;
Should Venus' self come and ask me to love her,
I'd tell her I could not—my heart is with thee!

IV.

There let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
And should Dame Fortune turn truant to me,
Why,—let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,
As long as my heart's out at interest with thee!

OH! CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

I.

OH! call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold,
And Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon,—
Oh! Call it none of these.

II.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they:
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name!

POOR WOUNDED HEART !

I.

Poor wounded heart !
 Poor wounded heart, farewell !
 Thy hour is come,
 Thy hour of rest is come ;
 Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
 Poor wounded heart, farewell !
 The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
 Less bitter far will be,
 Than that long, deadly course of aching,
 This life has been to thee—
 Poor breaking heart, poor breaking heart, farewell !

II.

There—broken heart,
 Poor broken heart, farewell !
 The pang is o'er—
 The parting pang is o'er,
 Thou now wilt bleed no more,
 Poor broken heart, farewell !
 No rest for thee but dying,
 Like waves whose strife is past,
 On death's cold shore thus early lying,
 Thou sleep'st in peace at last—
 Poor broken heart, poor broken heart, farewell !

THE EAST INDIAN.

I.

Come May, with all thy flowers,
 Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
 Thy cooling evening showers,
 Thy fragrant breath at morn :
 When May-flies haunt the willow,
 When May-buds tempt the bee,
 Then o'er the shining billow
 My love will come to me.

II.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
 Through wat'ry wilds her way,
 And on her cheek is bringing
 The bright sun's orient ray :

Oh! come and court her hither,
 Ye breezes mild and warm—
 One winter's gale would wither
 So soft, so pure a form.

III.

The fields where she was straying
 Are blest with endless light,
 With zephyrs always playing
 Through gardens always bright.
 Then now, oh May! be sweeter
 Than e'er thou'st been before;
 Let sighs from roses meet her
 When she comes near our shore.

PALE BROKEN FLOWER!

I.

PALE broken flower! what art can now recover thee?
 Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—
 In vain the sun-beams seek
 To warm that faded cheek!
 The dews of heaven, that once like balm fell over thee,
 Now are but tears, to weep thy early death!

II.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her;
 Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou;
 In vain the smiles of all
 Like sun-beams round her fall—
 The only smile that could from death awaken her,
 That smile, alas! is gone to others now.

THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

I.

BEING weary of love, I flew to the grove,
 And chose me a tree of the fairest;
 Saying, "Pretty Rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 I'll worship each bud that thou bearest.
 For the hearts of this world are hollow,
 And fickle the smiles we follow;

And 'tis sweet, when all their witcheries pall,
 To have a pure love to fly to :
 So, my pretty Rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 And the only one now I shall sigh to."

II.

When the beautiful line of thy cheek through the dew
 Of morning is bashfully peeping,
 "Sweet tears," I shall say (as I brush them away),
 At least there's no art in this weeping."
 Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,
 'Twill not be from pain or sorrow,
 And the thorns of thy stem are not like them
 With which hearts wound each other :
 So, my pretty Rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS!

I.

SHINE out, Stars ! let Heaven assemble
 Round us every festal ray,
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 All to grace this eve of May.
 Let the flower-beds all lie waking,
 And the odours shut up there,
 From their downy prisons breaking,
 Fly abroad through sea and air.

II.

And would Love too bring his sweetness,
 With our other joys to weave,
 Oh, what glory, what completeness,
 Then would crown this bright May eve.
 Shine out, Stars ! let night assemble
 Round us every festal ray,
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 To adorn this eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

I.

OH ! the joys of our evening posada,
 When, resting at close of the day,

We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
 Sit and sing the last sunshine away !
 So blithe, that even the slumbers
 Which hung around us seem gone,
 Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers—
 Again beguile them on.

* II.

Then, as each to his favourite sultana
 In sleep is still breathing the sigh,
 The name of some black-eyed Tirana
 Half breaks from our lips as we lie.
 Then, with morning's rosy twinkle,
 Again we're up and gone—
 While the mule-bells drowsy tinkle
 Beguiles the rough way on.

TELL HER, OH TELL HER.

I.

TELL her, oh tell her, the lute she left lying
 Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there ;
 Breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
 But not a soft whisper replies to their prayer.

II.

Tell her, oh tell her, the tree that, in going,
 Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
 Lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
 And not a bright leaflet has fallen from it yet.

III.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
 The maiden is wandering, oh ! let her be
 True as the lute that no sighing can waken,
 And blooming for ever unchanged as the tree ?

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

I.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
 Lost too soon, remember'd long,
 When we went by moon-light roving,
 Hearts all love and lips all song.

When this faithful lute recorded
 All my spirit felt to thee,
 And that smile the song rewarded,
 Worth whole years of fame to me !

II.

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
 Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
 Joys that, like your star-light tender,
 While they shone, no shadow cast :
 Though all other happy hours
 From my fading memory fly,
 Of that star-light, of those bowers,
 Not a beam, a leaf, shall die !

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

I.

Our first young love resembles
 That short but brilliant ray,
 Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
 Through April's earliest day.
 No, no—all life before us,
 Howe'er its lights may play,
 Can shed no lustre o'er us
 Like that first April ray.

II.

Our summer sun may squander
 A blaze serener, grander,
 Our autumn beam may, like a dream
 Of heaven, die calm away :
 But no—let life before us
 Bring all the light it may,
 'Twill shed no lustre o'er us
 Like that first trembling ray.

THE END.

CU HM



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